

# MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## ENGLISH SONGS & MELODIES.

THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY SIR H. R. BISHOP, KNT.

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MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

### WORDS OF THE SONGS.

#### THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

[AIR—"Pray Goody, please to moderate."]

I.

Oh! youth's fond dreams, like evening skies,  
Are tinged with colours bright;  
Their cloud-built halls and turrets rise  
In lines of lingering light.  
Airy, fairy,  
In the beam they glow,  
As if tney 'd last  
Through every blast  
That angry fate might blow.  
But time wears on with stealthy pace  
And robes of solemn grey,  
And in the shadow of her face  
The glories fade away.

II.

But not in vain the splendours die,  
For worlds before unseen  
Rise on the forehead of the sky,  
Unchanging and serene.  
Gleaming, streaming,  
Through the dark they shew  
Their lustrous forms  
Above the storms  
That rend our earth below.  
So pass the visions of our youth,  
In time's advancing shade;  
Yet evermore the stars of truth  
Shine brighter when they fade.

#### NOTES ON THE MELODIES BY SIR H. R. BISHOP.

##### THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

"PRAY, GOODY, PLEASE TO MODERATE."—Among the many popular airs which were selected for the burletta of *Midas*, this is one of the best; and we have ample testimony for believing that it was composed by Dr. Burney, the learned writer of *A General History of Music*. In *Some Account of the English Stage*, in ten volumes, published at Bath in 1832, and ascribed to the Rev. John Genest, M.A., it is stated, "that in order to oppose the musical pieces which were performed with such success at S. A. (the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin), *Midas* was first produced, in the season commencing October 1761. In ridicule of the other house (the Crow Street Theatre), it was ludicrously announced as being brought forward under the conduct of Signor Josephi Vernoni (honest Joe Vernon). It was then in three acts; but being found too long, was afterwards cut down to two." In the year 1764 this burlesque piece was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and in three acts, as originally produced in Dublin; on which occasion, the celebrated Charles Dibdin made his first public appearance as a singer, in the part of Momus. It was performed, however, for a few nights only; but subsequently had a longer career at Drury Lane Theatre, the principal part, that of Apollo, being ably sustained by Michael Kelly. In 1812, *Midas* was revived at Covent Garden with considerable success; and the present air attained a vast popularity, not only from its simple beauty, but from the peculiar grace with which it was sung by Mr. Sinclair. For a long time it remained uncertain who was the composer of "Pray, Goody," though very little doubt was generally entertained as to its English origin. It has been attributed to Dr. Arne, and with

good reason; for besides being similar in its structure to some of his melodies of that class, we may take into consideration that previously to the first production of *Midas*, several of Arne's dramatic pieces were composed and produced by him in Dublin, and that his music had become extremely popular in Ireland. It has also been rather obstinately contested, that the air of "Pray, Goody" is one of the musical emanations of Jean Jacques Rousseau, though on what rational grounds I am at a loss to imagine. I have examined the first and latest editions of his pretty, and only, operatic drama, *Le Devin du Village*, but there are no traces in that work of "Pray, Goody;" and I have been unable to meet with it either in the printed collection of nearly a hundred songs, &c. composed by Rousseau, entitled *Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie*, or among his thirty-four songs, in his own handwriting, deposited in the British Museum. I have also looked through several other collections, containing some thousands of old "French songs" (among which I found many that are unmistakeably English), yet I searched in vain for the present melody. But a remarkable evidence has come to light, which clearly shews that in this case no plea can be substantiated in favour of Rousseau, or any other French composer; for, in the first edition of *Midas*, printed in London, 1764, it is stated, that the air of "Pray, Goody," is "*A Tune in Queen Mab*;" a pantomime brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1750, the whole of the music of which, according to the assertion of Madame D'Arblay, was composed by her father, Dr. Charles Burney. Madame D'Arblay, in her *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, adds, that "the music of *Queen Mab*, pleasing and natural, was soon popular," but



## WORDS OF THE SONGS.

### THE NAMES ON THE BEECH-TREE.

[AIR, "Oh! how shall I in language weak."]

I.  
WHERE are they gone, the beautiful,  
The young, the fond, the free,  
Who carved their names upon thy bark,  
Thou lordly beechen tree?  
Alas, the change! thy leaves grow green,  
Thine arms are strong and bold;  
But hopes are dead, and joys are fled,  
And burning love is cold.

II.  
'Tis sad to think, O beechen tree,  
All beauteous as thou art,  
That thy broad stem and spreading boughs  
Outlive the human heart:  
From year to year thy leaves unfold,  
And woo the birds to sing,  
While Hope and Passion droop and die,  
And feel no second spring.

III.  
Yet ah! not so: the youthful loves,  
Whose fond memorials twine  
Around thy girth, thou ancient tree,  
Have higher life than thine.  
Though dead to earth, as bygone leaves  
By winds of autumn driven,  
A hope divine inspires our souls;  
They bloom again in heaven.

### THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

[AIR—"Thursday in the morn."]

I.  
FIRM as England's coast,  
When the tempests blow,  
Stood the British line,  
And foiled the advancing foe.  
The fierce Napoleon sighed to win the day;  
But Wellington was calm—the master of the fray.  
He saw the time had come;  
Blow trumpets!—beat the drum!  
And when the order flew  
Like light o'er Waterloo,  
And the great immortal strife begun:—  
"Now be brief,"  
Said the chief,  
"We'll excel all the deeds we have done—  
Follow me,  
You shall see  
How the battle should be fought and won."

II.  
Ney and all his men,  
Never known to fail,  
Fled in sudden rout,  
Like storms of rattling hail.  
The old Imperial Guard—Napoleon's boast—  
Dissolved before the shock of the mighty British host;  
And Blucher, found at last,  
Came sweeping like a blast.  
The knell of France had pealed;  
The Frenchmen fled the field;  
The great Napoleon saw he was undone;—  
"Follow me,"  
Then said he;  
"All is lost!—they are coming!—let us run!  
*Sauvons-nous!*  
They pursue—  
And the battle has been lost and won."

III.  
Thus the fight was fought,  
Not for vain renown,  
Not for sake of war,  
Or mad ambition's crown;  
But for the sake of peace, unknown so long,  
To give the world repose from tyranny and wrong.  
And thus for evermore,  
Unconquer'd as before,  
May Britain stand her ground,  
And Wellingtons be found  
To wave her glorious banner to the sun,  
And to lead,  
When we need,  
Crying, "Englishmen, the strife has begun!  
Follow me,  
You shall see  
How the battle should be fought and won!"

### THE EMIGRANTS.

[AIR—"When you gave me the Garland."]

I.  
FAREWELL to thee, England! oh, land of our birth,  
The pride and the glory and queen of the earth!  
We sail with sad hearts to a land far away,  
In search of the bread that may fail if we stay.  
New faces glow bright in the blaze of our fires,  
The stranger sits down in the halls of our sires.  
Farewell! oh, farewell to thy beautiful shore!  
England! dear England! farewell evermore!

II.  
We've courage to lead us;—there's strength in our hands;—  
There's wealth to be won in the far distant lands;  
For us and our children are acres to spare,  
And the name of our fathers forbids to despair.  
There are homes in the world for the honest and free,  
And kingdoms and empires to found o'er the sea:  
We quit not in anger thy beautiful shore;  
'Tis with tears that we bid thee farewell evermore!

III.  
Farewell! oh, farewell! in the land where we go  
Our heart's deep affection shall lighten our woe:  
Thy manners, thy language, thy faith, and thy fame,  
Shall follow our footsteps, and flourish the same;  
Thy virtues shall live in the songs that we sing,  
And the tales that we tell to thy glory shall cling.  
Farewell! oh, farewell to thy time-hallow'd shore!  
England! dear England! farewell evermore!

that her father "observed at this time the strictest *incognito* concerning all these productions, though no motive for it is found amongst his papers, nor does there remain any recollective explanation." The same authority further informs us, that "the music, when printed, made its appearance in the world as the offspring of a *Society of the Sons of Apollo*; and Oswald, a famous bookseller, published it by that title, and knew nothing of its real parentage." Many airs, ballads, cantatas, and other musical pieces, "were put forth also, as from that imaginary society; but all sprang from the same source, and all were equally unacknowledged." Madame D'Arblay has supposed, however, that as her father was at that period under articles, as a pupil, to Dr. Arne, he was not at liberty to publish his earlier musical compositions in his own name. Be this as it may, I am decidedly of opinion that "Pray, Goody" has been rightfully claimed as an English air, and that the composer of it was Dr. Burney.

### THE NAMES ON THE BEECH-TREE.

"OH, HOW SHALL I IN LANGUAGE WEAK."—An air composed by Henry Carey in the early part of the last century, and that became a great favourite when, many years afterwards, it was introduced into the ballad opera of *Love in a Village*. This beautiful melody, with other words, beginning "Is there a charm, ye powers above," may also be found in Dr. Burney's English Collection of Songs, now in the British Museum. The name of "Honest Harry Carey" is more generally known, however, in connexion with the popular song of "Sally in our alley," which was written and composed by him; though, after making some further inquiry, there does not appear to be any reasonable authority for our supposing that Carey set that song to music a second time. The version of the air as sung by Incledon, and published in a former number of the present series of melodies, being almost the identical tune of a song called "The London Lass," and beginning, "What though I am a London dame;" the words and music of which are in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany, or the Delightful Grove*, vol. i.

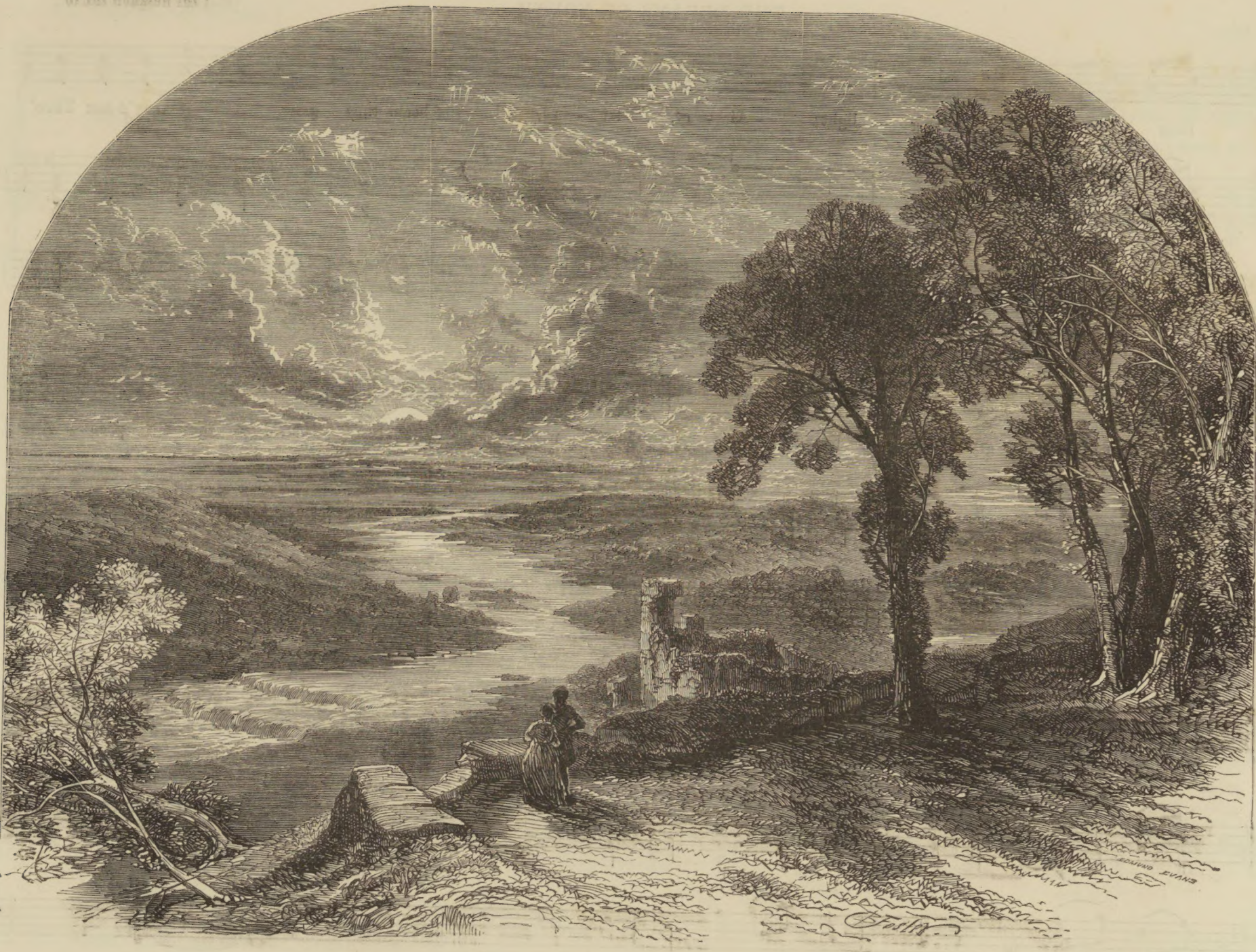
### THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"THURSDAY IN THE MORN."—The spirited national song beginning "Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth of May," and entitled "Russell's Triumph, or the Memorable Ninety-two," was written in celebration of the great battle "fought and won" in 1692 by the English fleet under the command of Admiral Russell, who was shortly after that event created Earl of Orford. This song was set to music by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde, the composer of many vocal pieces that were published towards the end of the seventeenth century. The earliest copy of it I have been able to meet with is in the collection of songs called *Clio and Euterpe*, printed in 1758. It may also be found in *The Songster's Companion*, 1775; *The Convivial Songster*, 1782; *Hyde's Collection of Songs, &c.*; and *Ritson's English Songs*; though in Ritson's edition the air appears to have been slightly altered from the original. Another printed copy of the tune is preserved in the British Museum; the words adapted to it, however, differ materially from those which were written to commemorate Admiral Russell's triumph.

### THE EMIGRANTS.

"WHEN YOU GAVE ME THE GARLAND."—A beautiful air, composed by Dr. Arne, in 1742, for his opera of *Eliza*. The masques of *Britannia* and *The Judgment of Paris, Thomas and Sally*, a musical entertainment, and *Eliza*, an opera in three acts, were composed and first produced by Dr. Arne in Dublin. They were afterwards brought out, with various success, at the principal theatres in London; but though recommended by their purely English style, and possessing considerable merit as productions of real genius, they did not obtain an amount of public favour equal to that which had previously been bestowed on Dr. Arne's music for Milton's masque of *Comus*. Nor can they properly be ranked with his admirable opera of *Artaxerxes*, on which, indeed, the musical reputation of Arne must ever chiefly depend. It is not generally known, that in 1765 Dr. Arne produced an Italian opera, entitled *L'Olimpiade*, at the King's (now Her Majesty's) Theatre. *Artaxerxes*, however, composed in 1762, is among the latest of his English dramatic works.





## THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

*Moderately slow, and tranquilly.*

AIR, "PRAY, GOODY, PLEASE TO MODERATE."

*p e sosten.* *cres.* *f* *rf*

Oh! youth's fond dreams, like eve - ning skies, Are

*p e sosten.*

tinged with co - lours bright, Their cloud - built halls and tur - rets rise In



lines of ling' - ring light; Ai - ry, fai - ry, In the beam they glow, As if they'd last Thro'

ev' - ry blast That an - gry fate might blow: But Time wears on with steal - thv pace And

*rall.* *a tempo*

*rf* *cres.* *p*

robes of so - lemn grey, And in the sha - dow of her face The

glo - ries fade a - way.

*rall.* *a tempo*

*f* *cres.* *rf*

But not in vain the splen - dours die, For

*p e sosten.*

worlds be - fore un - seen Rise on the fore - head of the sky Un -



chang - ing and se - rene. Gleam - ing, stream - ing, Thro' the dark they shew Their lus - trous forms A -

*rall.* *a tempo*  
bove the storms That rend our earth be - low. So pass the vi - sions of our youth In

*rf* *cres.* *p*

Time's ad - vanc - ing shade; Yet e - ver - more the stars of Truth Shine

*rall.*  
bright - er when they fade.

*a tempo*  
*f*







# THE NAMES ON THE BEECH-TREE.

Gracefully, and rather slow.

Air, "OH, HOW SHALL I IN LANGUAGE WEAK."

First system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in common time (C). Dynamics include *p* (piano), *rf* (ritardando), *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano).

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Where are they gone, the beau - ti - ful, The young, the fond, the free, Who carved their names up -". The piano accompaniment continues with the lyrics: "on thy bark, Thou lord - ly beech - en tree? A - las the change! thy leaves grow green, Thine". The piano accompaniment line includes the marking *p e sosten.* (piano e sostenuto).

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "on thy bark, Thou lord - ly beech - en tree? A - las the change! thy leaves grow green, Thine". The piano accompaniment continues with the lyrics: "on thy bark, Thou lord - ly beech - en tree? A - las the change! thy leaves grow green, Thine". The piano accompaniment line includes the marking *cres.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano).



arms are strong and bold; But hopes are dead, and joys are fled, And burn - ing love is

*cres.* *p* *mf* *pp* *dol.*

*rall.* *a tempo*

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'arms are strong and bold; But hopes are dead, and joys are fled, And burn - ing love is'. Musical markings include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'p' (piano), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'pp' (pianissimo), 'dol.' (dolente), 'rall.' (rallentando), and 'a tempo'.

cold, And burn - ing love is cold.

*f* *rf* *p*

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are 'cold, And burn - ing love is cold.'. Musical markings include 'f' (forte), 'rf' (ritornello forte), and 'p' (piano).

'Tis sad to think, O beech - en tree, All beau-teous as thou art, That thy broad stem and

*p e sosten.*

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are ''Tis sad to think, O beech - en tree, All beau-teous as thou art, That thy broad stem and'. Musical marking includes 'p e sosten.' (piano e sostenuto).

spread - ing boughs Out - live the hu - man heart: From year to year thy leaves un - fold, And

*cres.* *p*

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are 'spread - ing boughs Out - live the hu - man heart: From year to year thy leaves un - fold, And'. Musical markings include 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano).

woo the birds to sing, While hope and pas - sion droop and die, And feel no se - cond

*cres.* *p* *mf* *pp* *dol.*

This system contains the fifth line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are 'woo the birds to sing, While hope and pas - sion droop and die, And feel no se - cond'. Musical markings include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'p' (piano), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'pp' (pianissimo), and 'dol.' (dolente).

spring, And feel no se - cond spring.

*f* *rf* *p*

This system contains the sixth line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the grand staves. The lyrics are 'spring, And feel no se - cond spring.'. Musical markings include 'f' (forte), 'rf' (ritornello forte), and 'p' (piano).



Yet ah! not so: the vouth - ful loves, Whose fond me - mo - rials twine A - round thy girth, thou

*p e sosten.*

an - cient tree, Have high - er life than thine. Tho' dead to earth, as by - gone leaves By

*cres. p*

winds of au - tumn driven, A hope di - vine in - spires our souls; They bloom a - gain in

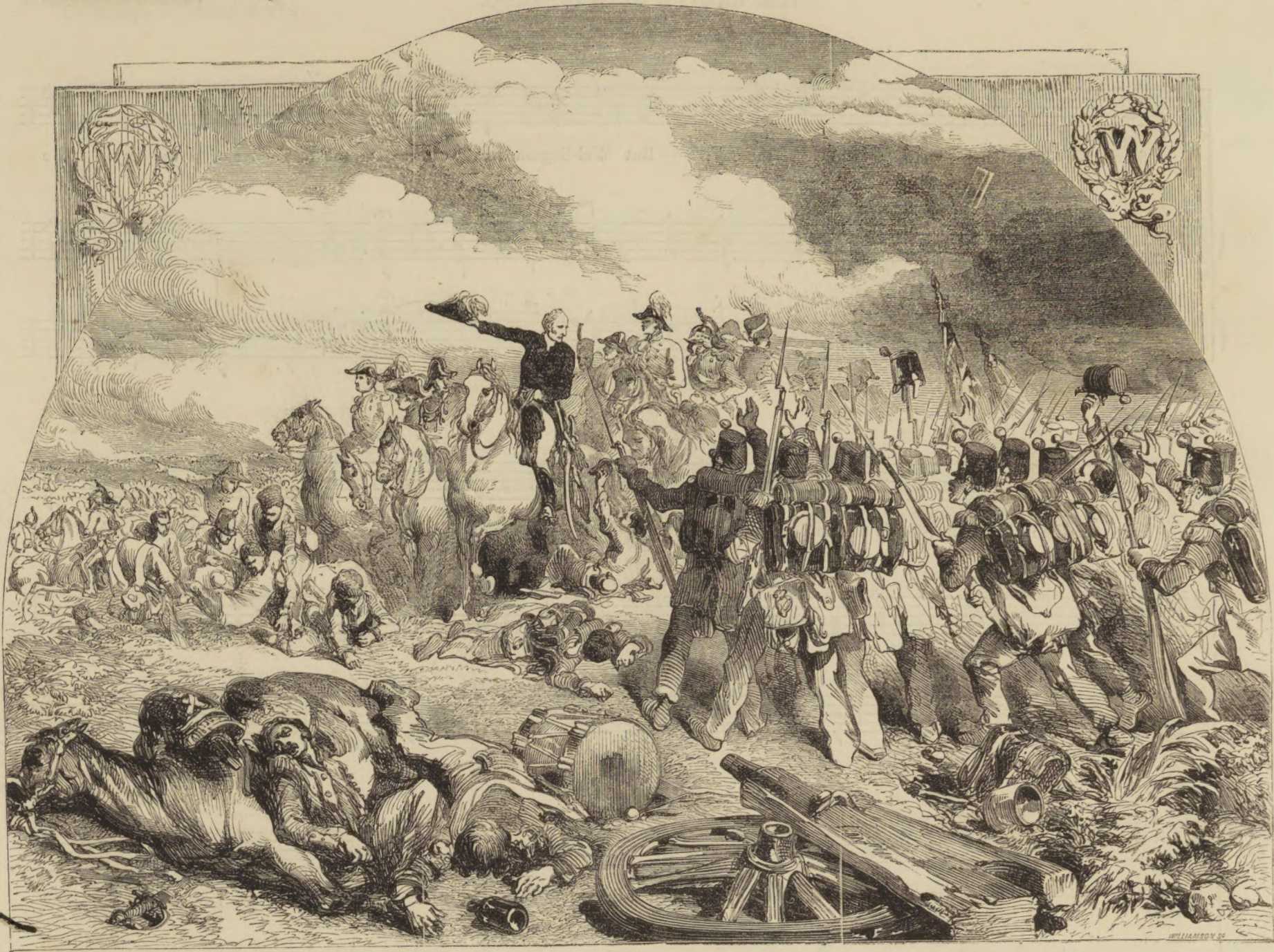
*cres. p mf dol.*

heaven, They bloom a - gain in heaven.

*cres. f p rall.*







THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

*Firmly, and in moderate time.* AIR, "THURSDAY IN THE MORN."

Firm as England's coast When the tem - pests blow, Stood the British line, And foil'd th'advan-cing foe. The



fierce Napoleon sigh'd to win the day; But Wel-lington was calm—the mas-ter of the fray. He

saw the time had come;— Blow trum-pets! beat the drum! And when the or-der flew, Like light o'er Wa-ter-loo, And the

great immor-tal strife be-gun: "Now be brief," Said the chief, "We'll ex-cel all the deeds we have done— Fol-low

me, You shall see How the battle should be fought and won."

Ney and all his men, Ne-ver known to fail, Fled in sudden rout, Like storms of rat-ting hail. The



old Impe-rial Guard— Na - po - leon's boast— Dis-solved before the shock of the migh-ty Bri - tish host; And

*mf*

*cres.* *mf* *p*

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked *mf*. Dynamics include *cres.*, *mf*, and *p*.

Blu-cher, found at last, Came sweep-ing like a blast. The knell of France had peal'd; The Frenchmen fled the field; The

*mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. Dynamics are marked *mf* throughout.

great Na-po-leon saw he was un-done, "Fol-low me," Then said he; "All is lost!—they are coming! let us run, Sau-rons

*p* *cres.* *f*

This system contains the third line of music. Dynamics include *p*, *cres.*, and *f*.

nous! They pursue: And the battle has been lost and won."

This system contains the fourth line of music, which concludes the phrase. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves.

Thus the fight was fought, Not for vain re - nown, Not for sake of war, Or mad am - bi - tion's crown, But

*cres.* *ff*

This system contains the fifth line of music. Dynamics include *cres.* and *ff*.

Thus the fight was fought, Not for vain re - nown, Not for sake of war, Or mad am - bi - tion's crown, But

*p* *mf*

This system contains the sixth line of music. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*.



for the sake of peace, un - known so long, To give the world re - pose from ty - ran - ny and wrong. And

thus for e - ver - more, Un - conquer'd as be - fore, May Bri - tain stand her ground, And Wellingtons be found To

wave her glo - rious ban - ner to the sun, And to lead, When we need, Crying, "Englishmen, the strife has be - gun! Fol - low

me, You shall see How the battle should be fought and won."



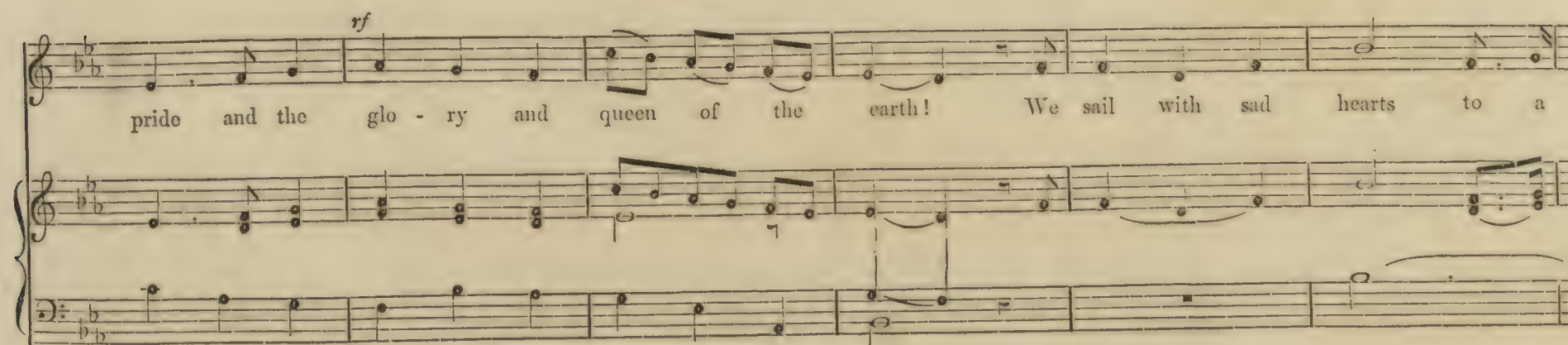
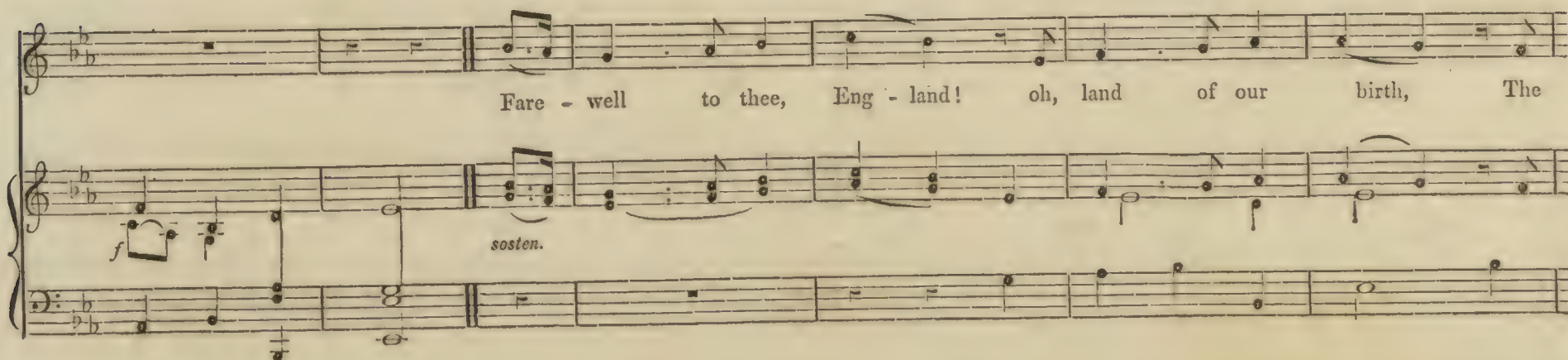




## THE EMIGRANTS.

*In moderate time.*

Air, "WHEN YOU GAVE ME THE GARLAND."





land far a - way, In search of the bread that may fail if we stay: New fa - ces glow

*rf* *cres.* *p* *rf*

bright in the blaze of our fires, The stran - ger sits down in the halls of our sires: Fare -

*cres.* *p* *pp* *with expression*

well! oh, fare - well to thy beau - ti - ful shore! Eng - land! dear Eng - land! fare - well e - ver -

*rf* *rf*

more! Eng - land! dear Eng - land! fare - well e - ver - more!

*rf* *rall.* *slower* *tempo primo* *mf* *cres.*

We've cou - rage to lead us;— there's strength in our hands;— There's

*f* *sosten.* *rf*

wealth to be won in the far dis - tant lands; For us and our chil - dren are



a - cres to spare, And the name of our fa - thers for - bids to de - spair; There are homes in the

*cres.* *p*

world for the ho - nest and free, And king - doms and em - pires to found o'er the sea: We

*cres.* *mf* *pp*

quit not in an - ger thy beau - ti - ful shore; 'Tis with tears that we bid thee fare - well e - ver -

*with expression*  
*sosten.*

more! With tears that we bid thee fare - well e - ver - more!

*rit.* *slower*  
*tempo primo* *mf* *cres.*

Fare - well! oh, fare - well! in the land where we go Our

*p*

heart's deep af - fec - tion shall light - en our wo; Thy man - ners, thy lan - guage, thy



faith, and thy fame, Shall fol - low our foot-steps, and flou-rish the same; Thy vir - tues shall

*cres. mf p*

live in the songs that we sing, And the tales that we tell to thy glo - ry shall cling. Fare -

*cres. p pp*

*rf with expression*

well! oh, fare - well to thy time - hal - low'd shore! Eng - land! dear Eng - land! fare - well e - ver -

*rf*

more! Eng - land! dear Eng - land! fare - well e - ver - more!

*rf rall. slower*

*tempo primo f p*





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

## SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

[ NUMBER AND  
THREE SUPPLEMENTS } 1s.

### FINE ARTS.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

##### THE LOST LENORE. BY E. H. WEHNERT.

MR. WEHNERT in this picture, which is exhibited at the New Water-Colour Gallery, seeks to embody the sentiment of Poe's striking little poetic romance entitled "The Raven;" a romance strangely so entitled, certainly, as it gives no hint of the wild pathos which engrosses the poet's fancy. In order to the due appreciation of the picture, therefore, it will be advisable to read the whole poem, which we accordingly append:—

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant name whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating—  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,  
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"—  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—  
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—  
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath  
sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—*is there* balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstart-  
ing—  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul, from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—never more!



"THE LOST LENORE."—("THE RAVEN," BY E. A. POE.)—PAINTED BY E. H. WEHNERT.—EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



# THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P. FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

THE subject of our Memoir, fourth and youngest son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., a Liverpool merchant, was born at Liverpool, December 29th, 1809. In 1821 he was sent to Eton; in 1829 entered Christ-church, Oxford; and at Christmas, 1829, was made a student by the Dean at the same time with Lord Canning.

Amongst his University contemporaries were the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Elgin, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Harris, and others since distinguished. In 1831 he took a double first class and his degree of B.A. In 1832 he went abroad, and spent some months in travelling, chiefly in Italy; and at the Reform election in the December of that year came forward for the borough of Newark as a Conservative, was opposed by Mr. Serjeant Wilde, now Lord Truro, and Mr. Hanley, and was returned at the head of the poll; the numbers being—Gladstone 886, Hanley 819, Wilde 726.

Mr. Gladstone made his first speech in the House on Monday, June 3rd, 1833, in the debate on the subject of Negro Emancipation, in reply to Lord Howick, the present Earl Grey, and in which, denying the charge that increased quantities of sugar were obtained by such excess of working as increased the mortality amongst the slaves, he argued the right to compensation for the planters on the ground that the Legislature had done all in its power to make the slaves a property, but declared that it would redound to the honour of the nation and the reputation of the Ministers, whilst it would be delightful to the planters themselves, if emancipation, relieving them from the responsibility of holding slaves, were fairly and without violence established.

In the same session he spoke in the great Liverpool election case, on the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, in which, admitting that the Church had slumbered, he declared that since the Union it had done all that human power could do; that it was a great advantage to the country to have scattered over it a number of men who were gentlemen by education, and Christians by profession. He was unwilling to see the number of bishops reduced; held, that, so long as a Church was national, the nation ought to be taxed to support it; that, if the Protestant churches were to be maintained in Ireland, the maxim should be enforced. He spoke also in opposition to the proposal of Mr. George Wood, then member for Manchester, for the admission of Dissenters to the Universities.

In 1834, on Sir Robert Peel's short accession to office, Mr. Gladstone was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, and very shortly afterwards, on the failure of Mr. Stuart Wortley to obtain a seat, was in his room made Under-secretary for the Colonies.

In the adjourned debate, March 31, 1835, Mr. Gladstone spoke in opposition to Lord John Russell's appropriation clause, arguing that there could exist no surplus revenue above what was necessary for the due maintenance of the Church; that Church property was as sacred as that of individuals. At the Reformation the established religion being changed, the appropriation of the Church property was also changed; and if a time should ever come when in Parliament the Protestant should be a minority, he avowed his conviction that a return to the ancient appropriation would be the fair and legitimate consequence. Defeated in a division on the question, on the 7th of April, the Ministry resigned on the 8th, and the Melbourne administration was formed.

Out of office Mr. Gladstone devoted himself to questions of education and colonial policy, the Church, Universities, and trade, to the untram-melling, of which he had not yet become a convert.

In 1837 he gave his support to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's bill for the extension of the term of copyright. In 1838, published at Amiens, a pamphlet, entitled "The State in its relations with the Church;" and in the same year again visited Italy and Germany. During this period Mr. Gladstone did not confine himself to his Parliamentary duties, but was also a diligent contributor to periodicals: he published, chiefly anonymously, several political pamphlets; and a review in the *Quarterly* of the life of Blanco White, which deserves mention not alone for its clear and powerful portraiture of the doubts, changes and struggles of the ever-labouring mind of Blanco White, but for its perfect freedom from the narrowness of sectarian bigotry, and its sympathy with a mind made the incessant battle-ground between old faith and new reasonings.

On the return of Sir Robert Peel to office after the general election of 1841, Mr. Gladstone became Master of the Mint, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and was sworn in a member of the Privy Council. In May, 1847, he succeeded Lord Ripon as President, and had a seat in the Cabinet. At this period Mr. Gladstone's office was no sinecure. Never was a Ministry placed in more trying circumstances: commerce and manufactures seemed fast drawing toward a general stoppage; distress and discontent were spreading fast; the agitation for Free Trade gathering daily strength, and the Parliament, and the Ministry looked to at any cost to withstand the popular pressure. The reform of the tariff made this all the more difficult, as it lent power to the arguments on the popular side, and left to the President of the Board of Trade but the defence of manifest inconsistencies. How ready Mr. Gladstone was to give up the old system of monopolies, was evidenced in an able pamphlet published by him in 1844, entitled "The Ministry and the Sugar Duties," in which the whole force of fact and argument was in favour of the immediate abolition of differential duties; and an article, published about the same time in the *Colonial and Foreign Quarterly*, and since known to be from his pen, argued, from the fruits of changes then recently made in commercial policy, the safety of still wider change, and was a source not only of strength in arguments, but encouragement in agitation and consistent adherence to their whole care to the Free Trade party.

In the same year Mr. Gladstone took an active part in promoting the Dissenters' Chapel Bill.

In February, 1845, he resigned office; and in a speech in the course of the debate on the Address, explained that he did so from conscientious conviction that he could not, consistently with the opinions he had deliberately published in 1838, on the State relations with the Church; and which pamphlet had, in a second edition in 1841, been carefully reconsidered or well-nigh re-written, to support the grant proposed by the Government to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. Though no longer a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone was, nevertheless, consulted and very actively engaged upon the commercial measures of that year, and which constituted the second reform in the tariff. At the close of the session of 1845 Mr. Gladstone visited Germany, and did not return until the following November; he was, therefore, not present during the early period of the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

In December Lord Stanley resigned office, and Mr. Gladstone, in his room, became Secretary of State for the Colonies. He then still represented the borough of Newark, but felt it incumbent upon him to resign, in consequence of the strong opposition of the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the borough belonged, to the Free-trade measures of the Ministry; and he remained out of Parliament, until the general election of 1847. He was then invited to become a candidate for the University of Oxford, with Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and was opposed by Mr. Round, who had been one of the members for Essex. The contest was a severe one; the utmost of religious party spirit being roused to the support of Mr. Round as the true Protestant candidate, against Mr. Gladstone, who was assumed to have some improved and unestablishable leaning towards something like Puseyism. He was, however, returned; the numbers being—Inglis, 1700; Gladstone, 997; Round, 624. In 1845 Mr. Gladstone published a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on recent Commercial Legislation," which, reviewing the Board of Trade and revenue returns, pointed out, that from the reduction of duties had resulted increase of revenue, from diminution of protection increase of commerce and domestic industry. The subsequent Free-trade measures of Sir Robert Peel had, throughout, Mr. Gladstone's most cordial support. He was a complete convert, not merely to the arguments of the opposite side, but to the fact, which had sprung up as fruits of his earlier partial and cautious policy.

On the repeal of the Navigation Laws, he proposed as an amendment a system of non-interference, but withdrew it on finding that the ship-owners' friends must either have all or nothing.

In 1849 he opposed the gift of Vancouver's Island to the Hudson's Bay Company; and proposed amendments in the Australian Constitution Bill, mostly in accordance with the proposals of Sir William Molesworth.

He spoke in opposition to the Government in the famous foreign policy debate of last year, and opposed the University Commission. The session over, in the following October the health of one of his children needing change of climate, Mr. Gladstone went to Naples. He had no intention of making any public comment on the condition of the kingdom, but found silence impossible. He was horror-struck by the violation of all honour, all good faith, all common rules of justice and humanity, by the King, and the gross perjury and corruption and subordination of his Attorney-General and judges. He could not have believed that, in the

present age, such infamy and cruelty—touse his own words, such "practical abnegation of Christianity"—could have had existence; but having had the facts forced upon him, seeing everywhere paid and perjured inquisitors—seeing the daily hounding down of innocent men by the hired bloodsellers of the crown—finding the prisons places of loathsome torture and slow death—it was impossible for him to keep silence, and in two letters to Lord Aberdeen he exposed in all the nakedness of his iniquities his Majesty of Naples. The letters were sent by Lord Palmerston to our ministers at the several foreign courts, and their publication has, at all events, set the King upon some attempt at defence, and some little amendment of the prisons.

Last year, Mr. Gladstone published, in 2 vols. oct., "Farini's History of the Roman States."

The right hon. member married, in 1839, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, Bart., of Haymearden Castle, Kent.

(For a Portrait of Mr. Gladstone, from a Daguerreotype by Claudet, see the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, No. 525.)

## THE RAILWAY NOTE-BOOK;

OR,

## JOTTINGS IN THE STATION, THE TERMINUS, AND THE TRAIN.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

PAGE V.—CONCLUSION.

THERE is one more species of railway passenger to be occasionally met with in the train, and whose sentiments and character are not unfrequently set forth in such publications as profess to laud and admire the good old times, whom we propose to sketch with some minuteness, seeing that in the controversies to which he frequently gives rise, is summed up the whole pith and marrow of the question as between the ancient and the modern usages of travel. Need we say that we refer to the lover of the "good old coaching days?"

He is to be seen in many shapes. Sometimes he is a farmer, with a white top-coat and round-toed boots bearing evident marks of the stable, and who, when you remark that it is a fine day, replies, "Ees, zur." Sometimes he is a town-made young gentleman, of that order of nature's nobility popularly called "swells." In that case he has short-cropped hair, wears round his neck what he calls a bird's-eye choker, fastened with a brooch or pin the major part of which consists of a miniature horse-shoe. His top-coat he calls a "down-the-roader;" it has pearl buttons as big as crown pieces, with a mail-coach driving across one, and a gentleman breaking his horse's neck over a hedge emblazoned upon another. About town you find this species of animal attending sparring matches, and critical in his remarks on the "Young un's" style of handling his "daddies;" or he frequents betting-list-offices, and talks about somebody's "stable" and somebody



else's "lot." Sporting public-houses are, however, the grand resort of this enlightened admirer of what he calls the "golden time." Visit, if you have the courage, one of those smoke-dried old parlours, with Windsor chairs polished by generations of sitters, and the wainscoted walls hung round with mementoes of "good old English manly sports"—studied terriers who, living, have scrunched the necks of fifty rats in half-a-minute; scarred and bitten badgers, who have made valiant defences at celebrated "drawings;" and correct portraits of the famous light weight "Apple-daddy," or that renowned "fistic champion" Mumbo Sam. Among these precious trophies you will find specimens of the style of art which our friend of the "golden times" particularly affectionates—a series of coaching pictures. Let us glance at them. First we have an elaborate representation of the Bath mail, or the Liverpool mail, passing some celebrated "hostelry;" all, of course, of the "golden time;" the four horses at a stiff, uncommonly stiff, gallop, with all their wicker-like legs, top-hats, and the wheel painted so as to make the artistic pictures of the parlour actually think they are going round. On the panel next to the window is a sketch of a lady's bonnet. The outside is cracked, and all the passengers are smoking cigars. The driver flounders his whip with Jewish majesty, and the guard sits behind accompanied with a corresponding series of flounders upon a magnificent leg horse. The gentleman on the box seat is generally in a sort of military uniform, and these behind sport alternately tracking cap and hat, much broader at the crown than the rim. A lady or two, with bonnets of the coal-scuttle fashion, and waists at their ankles—both good old names of the good old time—make up the company. "Aha," says our friend, eyeing the artist feelingly, "them was the days for travelling, and no mistake." A great number of episodes of coach journeyings are introduced. "Picking up to unskid" is usually one of the interesting passages represented. "Waking up" is another; though who wakes up—the passengers, or the horses, or the driver, or the guard—we have never been able to make out. The "Road and the Rail" is a third favourite subject. It represents a stage-coach bowing along at a gallop, while at a little distance is seen a locomotive tumbling over an embankment, and dragging half a dozen topsy-turvy carriages after it, to the dismay of the graminivorous animals in the field, but to the intense gratification of the lover of the "golden times," who chuckles and contemptuously repeats a joke of the ancient Mr. Weller—"If a coach is upset, you see, vy there you are; but if a locomotive busts, vy ere are ye?" In the railway carriage the admirer of the good old coaching days

generally takes care to make his peculiarities known. When the engine is put to, and you begin to move, he remarks—"Ah! we should not have all that there groaning and screeching if we was sitting like Chrysty-uns behind four thoroughbred tits, instead o' that ere iron machine. What I say is, that it isn't natural, is this here railroad; and that stands to reason, or the devil's in it."

Presently emerging into the country, you catch a glimpse of a broad white road, running, perhaps, along the line of rail. It is all but deserted. Now and then you perceive trotting along a farmer's tax cart, with the name of the owner in white narrow letters behind, or the doctor's gig, or the parson's sober phaeton, or the rickety old carriage of some neighbouring "family." Our friend at once takes up the theme.

"See that road. Aint it a shame to look upon? I should say so. I remember the time, I do, when six-and-fifty four-oss drags passed the milestones o' that ere road, regular up and down, every four-and-twenty hours. Ah! them were the days! Travelling was travelling, when you sit behind four regular good uns, with sitch a coachman as Downy Bill or Jemmy Sparrow to tool you along, a-smoking your cigar as comfortable as nothink at all, and pulling up at the jolly old public-houses just to wet your whistle with a pint of mild ale. What I say is—and it stands to reason—that Parliament should put down all them new-fangled railways out o' hand, and set up the old coaches. What right had any man to ruin the people that lived on the old coaches and the old roads? I say it doesn't stand to reason. There was Downy Bill himself. Don't I remember him in his white 'at and spicy top-coat, cut as smart as one o'clock, with boucky in the button, and his white cords and riglar knowin' tops, as affable and perlit with the gentlem'n, as he toolled down as nothink at all; smokin cigars and drinkin brandy and water with 'em till all was blue. Well, then, blowed if I didn't see Downy Bill himself yesterday in Oxford-street, a-driving on a penny 'bus, with a vlap o' straw round a shockin bad 'at!"

Occasionally, on railways and in society, but more frequently in books, you listen to the sentiments of a more refined lover of the olden times—of a gentleman and a scholar somehow affected with that moral squint which makes people look round the corners of centuries, and ogle lovingly that which has passed utterly away. Often the sentiment is pressed as much in joke as earnest; yet there is a certain sympathy with, and yearning after, the bygone days, which shines out through the half-flippant, half-sneering style.

Your railways, what good are they? They take people a mile a minute. Well, I didn't want to go a mile a minute: a Manchester bag-man may; but are the gentlemen of England to give in to Manchester bagmen? Then, there's no comfort in a railway; you can see nothing but the blackness of tunnels, and the prim monotony of stations; you can hear nothing but the clank and the scream of the confounded locomotive. All the time you're not in a tunnel you're in a cutting. You are half choked with the beastly vapours of the engine; and if you put your head out you draw it back again, with your eyes stuffed full of burning cinders. How different it was on the top of the old stage, on a bright summer's morning, with everything fresh and green and glorious about you, with no tunnels but the deep hawthorn-shaded lanes, and no cuttings but between the grand old stems and the glorious branches of the oak and elms lining the road. Then, when you rattled over the rough stones of the country town, and watched the people running to the windows and coming out of shops, and passed a fine old church or a quaint town-hall in the market-place, and saw the "change" standing before the hotel door—four thoroughbreds, with coats like velvet, and a helper at the head of each—better than a station that! Well, then there was just the momentary scramble into the hotel, to the tidy little bar—to "stretch your legs," of course—and then up again. The helpers are hanging to the heads of the fresh team, hardly able to curb them, while the steady driver gathers up the reins. "Let go their heads!" A plunge, a jump, a scramble or two, and away you are again, careering across the fresh green country.

This is the style in which the thing is done, and, to a certain extent, there is some truth in it. Thirty miles, say, outside a well-appointed stage in summer weather, through a pleasant country, is as agreeable as you please; but what of three hundred? Aching bones, torpid feet, shivering frame, cramped limbs, answer. Baked with the sun, nipped by the wind, flooded by the rain, transixed by the frost. Oh the pleasures of a long, a three or four days' journey in the good old times, "tooled behind four thoroughbred tits!" In all the descriptions of the beauties of stage-coach travelling, it is universally taken for granted that the country traversed is a sort of garden of Eden—a repository of all that is lovely in landscape; that the season is always early summer or early autumn; that the sky is always blue and the sunlight always steady; that the horses are always spanking tits, or "thoroughbred prads;" and that the driver is always either an elder Mr. Weller, or a reduced baronet who has lost £20,000 a year on the turf, and doesn't take any silver under half-a-crown, for which he also makes it a rule not to touch his hat. Very different was in many cases the real prosaic state of the case. You were slowly dragged across a drear and dismal country. You climbed hills at a snail's pace, and were frequently obliged to get down and trudge in the mud. An easterly gale, the very breath of winter, whistled through and through you; or a storm of rain and sleet pelted you uninterruptedly for many a weary mile. Who does not remember the miserable discomfort of getting gradually soaking wet upon the outside of a coach? the long struggle to make your own umbrella available, and to keep that of your neighbour from dripping down your neck; the gradual success of the insinuating fluid as it saturated coat after coat, and you felt as if you had a mass of cold comfortless armour clinging to your shivering frame; next, perhaps, the agonising horror of a small river of water which had been long collecting in the broad brim of your wide-awake hat behind, overflowing its banks and pouring down your neck, or of the appearance of another unexpected stream meandering across the seat, just at the place where you are writhing upon it. Who does not recollect the cold torpor of misery and discomfort into which you gradually fell, afraid to move hand or foot in case of bringing new wet surfaces in contact with your poor shrinking skin. What do you care, then, for tits and thoroughbreds, for knowing hats and wonderful tops? How you long for even the third-class upon a comfortable railway, for warmth and shelter, let the seats be never so hard, and the compartment never so crowded. Then, when you pull up, wretched, weary, and spiritless, to a coaching meal—when you require to be at once warmed and titivated by something hot and tasty, some rich well-spiced soup, or some smoking stew or made dish—to find yourself opposite a huge underdone joint of meat, with a mouldy old black currant tart in perspective, and hard, sour, swikey ale, or hot fiery sherry, an ounce of cayenne to a bottle, with which to wash the junk down!

Let us rejoice and be glad, therefore, that the tits and the prads have had their day: that the handling of ribbons and tooling of drags are now confined to cabmen, omnibus drivers, and members of the four-in-hand club. The rail, let us acknowledge, is not only more speedy, more certain, more comfortable, but it is even more picturesque and more interesting than all the faded glories of the road. Stand on a station platform, and watch the night express go past, with a roar and a gleam and a shaking of all around, as though a thunderbolt had passed before your eyes. Grandeur that, we should think, than even the crackle night coach, with the two brightest of lamps and the four spanking of steeds! It is said that you cannot see the country from the rail. We deny it. Look at the multitudinous sweet glimpses we catch as we hurry by—pasture fields where grazing cows do not raise their heads, yellow corn land with lines of reapers, comfortable homesteads with sheltering trees, and rooks clustered on the highest branches, chattering about the farmer's crop; deep, pleasant lanes, with rustic wains and rough country gigs jogging along the ruts; glimpses of canals winding amid the greenery, with barges slowly gliding along the silent highway—who says that hundreds of thousands of such charming country bits may not be seen from behind the locomotive as well as from behind the twitching tails of the panting "prads?" And the advantages of the railroad are, that you are not kept too long over any one prospect—that you never appear as if spellbound by a particular hill, or a particular church tower, which you seem never to be able to leave behind you. You see and pass, and see again; and the black jots of tunnels, and the dips into green-sided cuttings, give you only a keener relish upon emerging again into the breezy champaign.

Do we need say a word about that grand thing familiarly spoken of as "railway speed?" The honest penny-a-liner grumbles now-a-days at a pace which the crackle turn-out of the old times never dreamt of. "Only thirty miles an hour!" is as common a phrase as any you hear upon a railway—"Only thirty miles!" But with the engine at the top of its mettle, the road clear for scores and scores of miles before you, the policemen standing statue-like with outstretched arms to inform the driver of the fact—when the glorious express, then shooting along as though no mortal power could stay or stop it, achieving without rock, without jolt, its steady mile a minute, devouring space and drinking time, whirls you from county to county and sea to sea, as though sprites were harnessed to your elbow chair—such is the poetry, the full triumph and glory of the rail, the greatest conquest ever made by man over earth, air, fire, and water!



## PRICES FORMERLY AND NOW.—SUGAR.

CHEMISTRY has taught us that sugar is a constituent element of almost all vegetables. By experience we had previously learnt that sweetness is a product in almost every soil and climate, though some places are particularly favourable to the production of sugar. For a substance universally diffused, the taste is universal. The bee extracts it from flowers; the parrot taps the maple to drink its sweets; the fly sucks it from the Turkey fig; the wasp for it rifles our ripest fruits; the youngest infant, deprived of its mother, is kept alive and made strong by sugar; the boy delights in sweets; and the man rarely loses altogether his love for them. The taste is not artificial; it is implanted in man by the same hand that scatters profusely through creation the means of gratification.

The sugar in daily use is the product of art, manufactured from the juice of the sugar-cane, called by botanists *Arundo saccharifera*; and the white sparkling crystallised substance we put in our tea has the same relation to the appetite for sweets, as the finest bread or the most delicate *entremet* has to the appetite for food, which, before art improved taste, was satisfied by the coarsest roots, and by flesh ruddy, quivering, and alive. Refined sugar was first manufactured in Venice—it has been said, about the end of the fifteenth century; but Macpherson, in his "Annals of Commerce," quotes some Scottish records to show that it was known in the fourteenth century. The sugar previously in use was the brown or white soft sugar and sugar-candy, which seems to have been the most common in the time of the Romans. In some form, however, it was known long before. It is mentioned in the Old Testament, both by Jeremiah and Isaiah, and is supposed, under the name of sweet calamus, to have formed one of the costly rarities used in the religious ceremonies prescribed by Moses. But as the sugar-cane, according to the current historical statement, was first made known in Greece and Palestine by the expedition of Alexander to India, it is concluded that the people of Judea obtained it, as they obtained myrrh and cinnamon in the biblical times, from India, and that the sweet calamus was sugar-candy. In India and in China sugar and sugar-candy have been manufactured from the most remote antiquity; and the same traffic that carried spices to the Jews, carried to them the hard crystallised and easily transported candy.

Of the price of sugar at that period we have no information; but its price in China, when that country became familiarly known to the nations of the west of Europe, was ascertained to be about 8s. per cwt. In various parts of India it is made for less than 2d. per lb.; and there is reason to believe that this price, like many other things in that country, has been nearly stationary for ages. One of the earliest accounts of its price in Europe is from the year 1329, when some refined sugar was purchased for the Royal household of Scotland at more than an ounce of standard silver per pound: that which is now purchased for 6d. then cost more than 5s. Sugar, however, being obtained from trees and plants widely diffused, and being easily extracted, its price has not undergone, within the time that prices have been recorded, such large reductions as the price of tea. A considerable proportion of the 5s. paid in 1329 for a pound in Scotland must have gone to pay the expense of transporting it from the place of its growth; and to this day a large portion of its price in England is the cost of bringing it from the tropical countries where it is made. Thus, at the present time, Havannah sugar, which costs there free on board about 18s. costs at the docks in London about 24s., or about one-third is added for bringing it to this country. This charge, too, has lately, in consequence of the repeal of the Navigation Laws and other circumstances lowering the rate of freight, been reduced, and in 1832 it was 2s. more. Sugar is a bulky article, while it is subject to leakage and waste, and is thus much more expensive to transport than many other articles.

In 1782 Mr. Tooke begins his records of prices; and the average price of Muscovado sugar in the five years, 1782-1786, was, in bond, 40s. 2d. per cwt.; now it is about 24s. 6d. There have in the interval been great variations in the price, between 97s. and 23s., the consequence of varying crops in a narrow space, and of changes in the duties which have interfered with consumption and price. Gradually, however, our market, which was formerly shut by a close monopoly against all but British West India sugar, has been opened to sugar from the East Indies, the Mauritius, Manila, Java, and now Brazil, Havannah, and all other countries. The field of supply, therefore, has become more extended, and prices have gravitated to about 25s. Great improvements in the cultivation of the cane, and in the manufacture of sugar, have lately been effected: more are in progress; and it seems highly probable, independently of all changes in the value of money, that the price of sugar will fall lower, and keep tolerably steady at about 20s. per cwt. in our market.

As of tea, there are many varieties of sugar; and the following extract of a mercantile circular states them, and the different countries whence the supply comes, as well as the wholesale price in January of the present year, duty paid, which is 10s. on British Colonial, and 11s. 6d. on foreign sugar:—

SUGAR.	Price per cwt.	SUGAR.	Price per cwt.
	Duty paid.		Duty paid.
	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Bengal, brown ..	20 0 to 23 6	Jamaica, middling ..	30 6 to 33 6
" yellow ..	24 6 " 27 0	" good to fine ..	34 6 " 38 6
" low to mid white 32 6 " 34 0		Barbadoes ..	28 6 " 40 0
" good to fine white 35 6 " 45 0		Trinidad, St. Lucia, and	
Madras, brown ..	21 0 " 23 0	Berbec, ord. to good br	27 6 " 29 0
" yellow and white 23 0 " 41 6		" middling ..	29 6 " 32 6
Maunius, brown ..	23 0 " 28 0	" good to fine ..	34 0 " 37 0
" yellow ..	30 0 " 33 0	Havanna, brown to yellow	30 0 " 35 6
" fine ..	34 0 " 40 0	" low to fine white	36 6 " 45 0
Ponau, brown and yellow 22 6 " 26 0		Porto Rico ..	28 6 " 40 0
" grey and white ..	28 6 " 35 6	Brazil, brown to yellow ..	27 0 " 30 6
Siam, brown and yellow ..	25 0 " 30 0	" white ..	33 0 " 38 0
" low to fine white ..	32 6 " 34 6	Bahia, brown and yellow 26 0 " 31 0	
China, brown ..	24 0 " 26 6	" white ..	33 0 " 38 0
" yellow and white 31 0 " 36 0		Pernambuco, br. and yel 26 6 " 31 0	
Manilla, brown ..	24 0 " 27 0	" white ..	33 0 " 39 0
" yellow ..	30 0 " 31 6	St. Croix, brown and yel 35 0 " 39 0	
Java, brown and yellow ..	25 6 " 32 6	" white ..	40 0 " 44 0
" grey and white ..	34 0 " 39 6	British refined, br. lumps 43 0 " 44 0	
Jamaica, ord to good br. 27 6 " 29 6		" good & fine 45 0 " 49 0	

After the introduction of the sugar-cane into Europe by Alexander's soldiers, it found its way from Tyre to Sicily, which long continued to be a chief source of supply; but, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the sugar of Sicily was superseded by the sugar of the West Indies, and Sicily itself has since been supplied from that source. It was not till after the discovery of America, whether canes were carried from Madeira, and where they appear also to have been indigenous, that sugar became abundant and in general use in Europe. The Portuguese and Spaniards were both acquainted with the cultivation of the cane, and they began the manufacture of sugar in the Brazils and in St. Domingo. It was thence spread over all the West India islands as they were occupied by Europeans. From that time the cultivation of the cane, the manufacture of sugar, and its importation into Europe from the West and East Indies and from South America, have continually increased, and sugar is now a general article of consumption—allowed in the diet of paupers and sailors—throughout the civilised world. In 1700 the quantity consumed in Great Britain and Ireland was about 200,000 cwt. Last year, including molasses, it was not less than 6,851,653 cwt., a thirty-fourfold increase. Taking the whole population, it was nearly 23 lb. per head. In 1832 the consumption in Great Britain alone was put down by Mr. McCulloch at 23 lb.; and as our estimate includes Ireland, where the consumption is notoriously small, we may infer that it has increased in Great Britain since 1832 at least 5 lb. per head. As the allowance to servants is from 3 lb. to 1 lb. per week, it may be assumed that 50 lb. a year, at least, is not too much for grown persons. In sugar-growing countries the quantity consumed is enormous. The labourers live on it in the manufacturing season; and a Duke of Beaufort, who died about 1720, consumed one pound daily for forty years, and enjoyed excellent health till he was seventy years of age. The consumption of sugar has increased very much as it has become cheap; and we may expect, therefore, that the consumption will extend hereafter more rapidly than ever. The whole quantity consumed in Europe last year, including beet-root sugar, was not less than 16,000,000 cwt. If peace be preserved and prosperity continue, the market for sugar will extend amazingly, and force the cultivation by free men of all tropical countries.

The great impediments to the increased consumption have been fiscal, not natural. For upwards of a century and a half, sugar has been subjected to duties increasing from 8s. 3d. per cwt. in 1760 to 30s. in 1806, for British sugar, while the duty on foreign sugar was no less than 68s. These exorbitant duties have been successively reduced; and at present

the duty on Muscovado sugar, the production of British colonies, is 10s. and the duty on foreign sugar, of a similar quantity, 11s. 6d.; but while the former is to remain unaltered, the latter is to be reduced 6d. next July, and 1s. in July, 1853, when it will be subject, like British colonial sugar, to a duty of 10s. The reader will understand, therefore, that the price he pays for sugar is enhanced from 10s. to 12s. by the duty, and by an unknown sum to reimburse the merchant for all the inconvenience and loss of capital which the restrictions to levy the duty impose on him. Assuming the price of sugar in China and India, to which, by successive improvements, the price of sugar is now approximating, as about the natural and necessary price, the duty of 10s. will be nearly 100 per cent. on its value in our market. Till lately, free competition has never stimulated the production of sugar, and till lately only slave labour has been employed in producing it. The price of sugar in Europe, therefore, has been kept inordinately high, and few or no improvements were for a long period made in the art of manufacturing it. A new era has now opened for it, and sugar, like bread, the produce of free industry, will become more cheap and more abundant.

## THE THREE RINGS.

FROM LESSING'S DRAMA, "NATHAN THE WISE."

ACT III., SCENE V.

Sultan Saladin. Nathan (a Jew).

Saladin. No more of this humility, no more. To hear its language ever, when I ask For reason only, wearies in the end. (He rises.) Come to the question. But I warn thee, Jew, Uprightly—deal uprightly!

Nathan. Sultan, I Will serve thee honestly.

Saladin. Wilt serve me? How?

Nathan. The best of all I have thou shalt command At lowest cost.

Saladin. What dost thou talk of, man? Thy stuffs and wares? As bargainer for them, Seek thou my sister; she will cheapen them: As merchant, I have nought to do with thee.

Nathan. Then you would doubtless ask me if I knew Aught of the enemy. I passed his camp: His troops, indeed, are moving—if I marked Aright.

Saladin. No; neither did I send for thee To ask thee this. Of them I know as much As I require already. In short—

Nathan. Command, O Sultan!

Saladin. Thy instruction I require On something different far from this. Thou art A man of wisdom. Tell me now, what creed, What code, what faith appears to thee the best?

Nathan. Sultan, I am a Jew!

Saladin. And I a Moslem! The Christian stands between us; yet but one Of all these three religions can be call'd The one true faith. I know a man like thee Would not remain where the mere chance of birth Had thrown him. If he does so, it must be From insight, motive, and a wiser choice.

Come then—thy reasons! Let me hear the grounds On which I ne'er had time to meditate. Tell me—of course in confidence—the choice These reasons have decided thee to make, That I may make it mine. Thou art surprised, Art silent, weigh'st me with thine eye. Perhaps I may be the first Sultan who hath had A like caprice; although 'tis one that seems Not all unworthy. Is't not so? Come, speak! Or wilt thou have a moment to reflect? I give it thee. Consider! but be quick With thy reflections. I will soon return. [Exit.]

Nathan (alone). Him! This is odd, now. What am I to do?

What can the Sultan mean? I came prepared To lend him gold, and lo! he asks for truth! Demands it, too, all bright and new, as if Truth were like coin. Ah! were it so indeed, Or were it like the money that of old Pass'd current among men, unmark'd, unstamp'd— Judged by the metal's purity alone; Then could I meet his question. But, alas! In modern coinage, valued by its die, Told on the board, and taken without test— No. Truth is not such mintage. And can truth Be gather'd in the turning of a hand Into the heart, like gold into a sack? Which is the Jew in this, now—he or I? And does he seek the truth in verity? 'Twere all too petty to suspect he asks The truth to use it as a snare. And yet What is too small for greatness? I must be Cautious and on my guard. But how? But how? I cannot be the bigot of my creed, Still less will say I am no Jew at all; For might he not with justice ask me then "Why not a Muselman?" Ah! so; 'twill do; That yet shall save me; we may put off more Than children with a tale. I hear his step; He cometh. Let him come.

(Enter Saladin.)

Saladin. Well! hast thou done? Speak; there are none to hear us.

Nathan. I could wish That the whole world might hear me.

Saladin. Hast indeed! Is Nathan, then, so certain of his cause? Well art thou call'd the Wise. Thou wilt not hide The truth from any; for the truth dare set All on the hazard—body, soul, and wealth.

Nathan. Yea, were they needed, and could serve it.

Saladin. Good. 'Twill be my hope from henceforth to deserve My titles of Improver of the world, And Betterer of the Laws.

Nathan. Fair titles both. But, Sultan, ere I give thee all my trust, Wilt thou allow me that I tell a tale?

Saladin. Why not? I ever was a friend of tales And stories, if well told.

Nathan. My skill, I fear, Lies not in good narration.

Saladin. Yet again So proudly modest! Come! thy tale proceed.

Nathan. Ages on ages since there lived a man In the dim East, who from a loving hand Received a ring of priceless worth. The stone Was a rich opal, of a thousand hues, That had a secret power, which made whoever Possessed it pleasant in the sight of God And in the eyes of men, if he but wore The gem with that intention. Could it be A wonder if the ring ne'er left the hand Of him, that dweller in the distant East? Or that he should endeavour to retain— He jewel in his race for evermore? He did so, thus: he left unto the son He loved the most the ring as heritage, Ordaining that "at son again should leave The ring unto the child his heart preferred." Thus the most loved, without respect of birth, And by the influence of the ring alone, Was always Prince and Head of all the line. Hast understood me, Sa, an?

Saladin.

Ay, but more.

Nathan. Thus then the ring went down from son to son, Until at last it came into the hand Of one who had three children, who alike Obey'd and honour'd him, and whom his heart Loved therefore equally. He could not tell Which was the worthier: now he thought 'twas this, Then this, and then the third. Whenever one Sat by his side alone he loved him most; But when the others came his love was shared. And thus, from very gentleness of heart, He had made promise of the ring to all. This, for a time, was well. But at the last His hour arrived, and the good father fell Into a great perplexity. His soul Was pain'd to think that two of those he loved And had his promise must be now deceived. What could he do? He summon'd secretly A man of skill, and, showing him the ring, Bade him spare neither time nor cost, and make Two others like his own. The artist wrought Successfully; the father could not tell Himself which was the model. Joyfully He called his sons—each one alone—and gave To each a ring, and bless'd him. Then he died. Hast heard me?

Saladin. Yes. But pry'thee bring thy tale To a conclusion, Nathan.

Nathan. It is done; For all that followed is a thing of course. Scarce was the father dead, when each one came, Shewing his ring, and seeking to be lord Above his brothers. There was strife, and search, And loud complainings; all in vain—the ring, The true ring, none could name. (Pauses.) No more than I

Can name the one true creed.

Saladin. Is this to be Thy answer to my question?

Nathan. My excuse If I cannot distinguish 'twixt the rings The father made with the sole purpose that They should not be distinguished.

Saladin. Play not with me. I think the creeds that I have named to thee Are easy to be known: unlike is each In food, in drink, in garb.

Nathan. In those alone, Not in their motives: they are founded all On history as written, or as men Have heard it from traditions, which we must Accept as things of faith. Then whose belief Have we least doubt of? of our own? of those Whose blood is in us, who from childhood up Have loved us—ne'er deceived us, saving when To be deceived was wholesome? How can I Believe my fathers less than thou dost thine?

Or, to reverse it, how can I demand That thou should'st think thy father's teaching false, Because mine contradicts it? And the same Holds good too of the Christian—does it not? Saladin (aside). The man is right, by Heaven

Nathan. But again Unto our ring. As I have said, the sons Accused each other: each one took his oath Before the judge, and truly. He received The ring directly from his father's hand, After a promise, given long before (No less true, also), that he should enjoy The privilege the ring bestow'd. And each Was sure his father could not play him false. Therefore (although he fain would think the best Of both his brothers) he must still believe They were impostors. But he would detect The crafty traitors; ay—and have revenge!

Saladin. What said the judge to this? How can'st thou make The judge to answer? Speak!

Nathan. The judge replied: "Summon your father hither—and at once! You cannot do so? Then you must retire From this, the seat of judgment. Am I here To read men riddles, think ye? Will the ring You search for speak? Yet hold. I heard you say The genuine ring contains a spell that makes Its owner loved of all—pleasing to God And in the eyes of man. That must decide. The false one has no influence. Tell me then—Two of the three—which brother love you most? All silent! Has the ring an inward power Alone, and not an outward? Each one loves Himself the most! Then are ye all, all three, Merely betray'd betrayers; and your rings Are false alike. The true one, as it seems, Has disappear'd; and to conceal the loss, Or to replace it, has your father made The three for one!"

Saladin. 'Twas answer'd well.

Nathan. "And thus (The judge continued) if you will not take My counsel rather than my sentence—go; But my advice is this: that you accept The matter as it stands; if you have each Your ring directly from your father's hand, Believe it is the true one. It may be Your father would not that the dominance Of one should longer govern in his house; And it is certain that he loved you all. And loved you each alike, since he refused To place o'er two the oppression of the third. Well, then, let each of you but imitate His father's common and impartial love; Strive with each other which of you shall most Improve the world, and win the spell. My children, challenge, challenge. And whoever shall be found to be the true one, shall be the true ruler. Then, when a thousand thousand years have pass'd I summon you again before this seat. Where one more wise than I am will appear. He will pronounce between you. Go." Thus spake The humble judge.

Saladin. Oh, Allah!

Nathan. Saladin! If thou believ'st, thou art that wiser man—

Saladin. I, who am dust and nothing, Nathan! No! Thy judge's thousand thousand years are not Expired; his judgment seat is not my throne! Leave me; but be my friend!

Berlin.

L. F.

## "LANGUAGE MUST BE GIVEN TO CONCEAL ONE'S THOUGHTS."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Among your Notices to Correspondents is this:—"G. J., Newcastle-under-Lyme, states that the observation 'Language must be given to conceal one's thoughts,' attributed to Goldsmith, is to be found near the end of Goldsmith's 'Bee.'" Doubtless he takes his authority from Washington Irving's "Life of Goldsmith." It may not be uninteresting to know that Dr. South, born 1633, was the first to give expression to the idea. His words are as follow:—"Most speak with design to conceal, therefore they speak in riddles. In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our political states, and is given to the secret and not to the open, whereby to communicate their mind; but to show them, without to conceal it."

Satan.





"SUMMER MOONLIGHT."—PAINTED BY E. DUNCAN.—EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"THE FLITTING (SCOTCH)." BY A. JOHNSTON.

THE scene of parting from the old home is never without its regrets, even though it be with the view of establishing with better worldly prospects in another sphere. Mr. Johnston, in this picture, which stands No. 544 in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, has very feelingly illus-

trated the various emotions which such an occurrence might give rise to in the various members of a family circle.

"SUMMER MOONLIGHT." BY DUNCAN.

THE admirable touch and truthfulness of character for which Mr. Duncan

is generally remarkable were never more strikingly apparent than in the charming little bit above named, which adorns the walls of the Old Water-Colour Society. The scene is thoroughly English, the atmosphere also—the broad beams of the moon struggling through a slight haze before they fall in silvery brightness on the still waters of the canal, the traffic of which never closes, night nor day.



"THE FLITTING (SCOTCH)."—PAINTED BY A. JOHNSTON.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE BOURNE.—WAVERLEY WOODS AND CROOKSBURY HILL. BY J. FAHEY.

MR. FAHEY, in this production (exhibited in the New Water-Colour Gallery), presents us with a panoramic survey of one of the most charming bits of scenery on the Surrey downs, and consequently one of the very prettiest spots in the south of England. The view, moreover, is especially interesting, as including within its range the site and precincts of the ancient abbey of Waverley, of which some account may not be out of place. The abbey of Waverley was founded in 1128 by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought with him twelve Cistercian monks from Normandy; and, having fixed on this spot, in a secluded valley in the vicinity of the Bishop's Castle at Farnham, he erected here a church and other conventual buildings. Their delightful situation, upon the banks of the Wey, about three miles from Farnham, accords, in great measure, with that peculiar tact, or instinct, which, according to Dr. Whitaker, influenced the Cistercians in the choice of their locations. "It may be observed," he says, "that, though they affected to plant themselves in the solitude of woods, which were to be gradually assarted (grubbed up) by their own hands, and though they obtained an exemption from the payment of tithes on that specific plea, yet they were excellent judges of the quality of land, however concealed, and never set about their laborious task without the assurance of an ample recompense. A copious stream to the south, a moderate extent of rich meadow and pasture land, and an amphitheatre of sheltering hills, clad in the verdant covering of their native woods beyond, were features in the face of nature which the earlier Cistercians courted with instinctive fondness. Where these combined, it does not appear that they ever abandoned a situation which they had once chosen; and where these were wanting, it is certain they never remained."

The site of Waverley presents an instance of their better choice. Aubrey, describing the remains of the monastery in 1673, mentions a fine rivulet, which is "the Bourne" in Mr. Fahey's description line. Portions of the abbey church and chapter-house, the walls of the refectory, and a crypt, still remain to attest the importance of the abbots of Waverley. Cobbett, who worked on this estate when a boy, describes the old kitchen-garden of the monks, and its abundant produce. "The peaches, nectarines, apricots, and fine plums never failed; and," he adds, "although I have seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never beheld a garden equal to that of Waverley."

Prominent in Mr. Fahey's view is Crooksbury Hill, which belonged to the monks of Waverley, and gives name to an adjoining common: it is mentioned as "Richard's Mille,"



"THE SIXTH AGE." PAINTED BY J. S. CLIFTON, EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

in a charter granted by Henry de Blois to the monks about 1250. The present name, *Crooksbury*, appears to be a corruption from *Cruz-bury*; and we may safely conjecture that the monks erected a cross on this far-seen mount.

"THE SIXTH AGE."  
BY J. S. CLIFTON.

The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon.

THE artist in this work adopts something of the method of the new school, generally classed as "pre-Raphaelites," but without the excess of mannerism which too many of them are guilty of. It is entitled to honourable mention for paying more attention to the sentiment than the appliances of the subject; and how far Mr. Clifton succeeds in this mode of treatment, will be best judged from a careful consideration of the picture before us. It will be seen that he endeavours to invest the poetry of Shakespeare with a pathetic and symbolic interest, rather than the somewhat grotesque character with which the passage has generally been treated. The old man has been sitting in the sunshine at the porch of his mansion, attended by the female figure and child, now his most fitting companions; and, at the solicitation of the latter, rises impassively, and with the difficulty which infirmity and great age occasions; by which, we suppose, may be intended to be indicated, that, though invested with a sufficient estate, ancestral dignity, and the attentions of filial affection, yet all these comforts notwithstanding, and the broad sunshine of prosperity, the days of this period of life "are," in deed, to use the beautiful words of the Psalmist, "but labour and sorrow." The boy has rushed in with his new bow and arrow, pulling the old man by the robe that he may see him exercise his skill in "shooting with the long-bow," leaving the thrown and briars tied to his whip, on which he treads (his last plaything now abandoned), in the old man's path; by which we may suppose is meant to be symbolized the impetuosity of youth, their contempt of discipline, and the cares and troubles which their thoughtlessness and inconsiderate folly so often throw in the path of age. The book of "wise saws and modern instances," of which Shakespeare describes the justice to have been full (and whom the artist has endeavoured to identify with the figure of the old man, by the introduction of the scales on the scutcheon over the porch), has fallen at his feet, and become assimilated with the thorns and briars which beset his path; whilst the female figure stoops to clear them away, typifying one of the most touching and beautiful of the affectionate offices of woman—that of smoothing the path of declining years.

This picture is very pleasingly finished; but we must add, that it is hung so high on the walls of the Royal Academy, that it is with difficulty its beauties are appreciated.



"THE BOURNE, WAVERLEY WOODS, AND CROOKSBURY HILL." PAINTED BY J. FAHEY EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.











## "HAGAR."

PAINTED BY E. ARMITAGE.

THIS very impressive picture from early Scripture history hangs in the West Room of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The subject is the distress of the Egyptian bondswoman Hagar, in the wilderness of Beersheba, after she had been cast out with Ishmael by Abraham, thus narrated in the second part of the Book of Genesis, c. xxii. :—

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away; and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs :—

"And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot; for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept."

It is this scene of lamentation which the artist has here so powerfully portrayed. Hagar is the extreme abandonment of despair; she has thrown off her upper garment, and in agonising grief is wildly tearing her hair; and at a bowshot distance, beneath the bush, is the outcast child, typical of the wild man, whose hand, it was foretold, would be against every man, and every man's hand against him. The accessories are in correct taste: the cast-off dress, and the form of the bottle, implying a knowledge of the arts as practised before the Deluge, and imitated by Noah, his sons and his servants; though much in advance of the skin bottles which we see upon Egyptian monuments. The rocky background is characteristic of the wilderness, and completes the saddening scene of desolation, altogether unlike "a field which the Lord hath blessed." Ishmael afterwards made the desert into which he had been cast, his abode; and by attaching himself to, and acquiring influence over, the native tribes, rose to great authority and influence.

The Artist has, according to the practice of painters, made the child or boy a young man. This is not contrary to the Hebrew use of the word boy; for so all young men are termed, as Benjamin (Gen. xliii. 8), and Joseph, Joshua, and David, when he fought Goliath.

We find the following popular illustration of the subject of Mr. Armitage's picture in Dr. Kitto's valuable "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."

"The harmony of the weaning feast was disturbed by Ishmael being discovered mocking. This conduct gave mortal offence to Sarah, who from that moment would be satisfied with nothing short of his irrevocable expulsion from the family; and as his mother also was



"HAGAR."—PAINTED BY E. ARMITAGE.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

included in the same condemnation, there is ground to believe that she had been repeating her former insolence, as well as instigating her

Arabs, who pay great honour to the memory of Hagar, is Zemzem near Mecca."

son to his improprieties of behaviour. So harsh a manner was extremely painful to the affectionate heart of Abraham; but his scruples were removed by the timely appearance of his divine counsellor, who said, 'Let it not be grievous in thy sight, because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman: in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice: for,' adds the Targum of Jonathan, 'she is a prophetess.' Accordingly, what she said is called the Scripture (Gal. iv. 30), and the incident affords a very remarkable instance of an overruling Providence in making this family feud in the tent of a pastoral chief 4000 years ago the occasion of separating two mighty peoples, who, according to the prophecy, have ever since occupied an important chapter in the history of man. Hagar and Ishmael departed early on the day fixed for their removal, Abraham furnishing them with the necessary supply of travelling provisions. The Septuagint, which our translators have followed, most absurdly represents Ishmael as a child, placed along with the travelling-bags on the heavily-loaded shoulders of Hagar. But a little change in the punctuation, the observance of the parenthetical clause, and the construction of the word 'child' with the verb 'took,' remove the whole difficulty, and the passage will then stand thus: 'And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water (and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder), and the child, and sent her away.'

"In spite of their instructions for threading the desert, the two exiles missed their way. Overcome by fatigue and thirst, increasing at every step, under the unmitigated rays of a vertical sun, the strength of the young Ishmael, as was natural, first gave way, and his mother laid him down in complete exhaustion under one of the stunted shrubs of this arid region, in the hope of his obtaining some momentary relief from smelling the damp in the shade. The burning fever, however, continued unabated, and the poor woman, forgetting her own sorrow, destitute and alone in the midst of a wilderness, and absorbed in the fate of her son, withdrew to a little distance, unable to witness his lingering sufferings; and there 'she lifted up her voice and wept.' In this distressing situation the angel of the Lord appeared for the purpose of comforting her, and directed her to a fountain, which, concealed by the brushwood, had escaped her notice, and from which she drew a refreshing draught, that had the effect of reviving the almost lifeless Ishmael. This well, according to the tradition of the

## AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGERS AND YORKSHIRE WEAVERS.

NEVER was the old proverb, "It is not all gold that glitters," more truly realised than in the golden discoveries of Australia. A wonderful change has been effected in the condition of the strong-backed gold-diggers, the storekeepers, and the innkeepers. The farmers all around the gold-fields of Bathurst, in New South Wales, and Ballarat and Mount Alexander, in Port Phillip, are, as if by magic, provided with an inexhaustible supply of ready-money customers; and more than one of the owners of grants of land dating from the discovery of the pass over the Blue Mountains, which have long lain on hand unimproved and almost unsaleable, now finds himself at the same time in possession of corn land almost as valuable as in the best counties of England, and great goblets of gold for the gathering. But these present and eventual benefits will be purchased at a sacrifice of property in the colony, and of manufacturing pre-eminence in Yorkshire, which our keen merchants and enterprising manufacturers have only just begun to foresee and understand.

In 1815, our importation of wool from Australia was little more than 70,000 lb.; in 1850 this had increased to nearly 40,000,000 lb., of a finer quality than can by any care be grown in England. This large increase in the growth of Australian merino wool has been accompanied by a very considerable increase in the quantity of our own coarse British wools, and by a diminution in our importations from Germany. Indeed we now export Australian wool to the Continent. The large supply, fine quality, and low price of Australian wool have not only enabled our cloth-manufacturers to lower the price and improve the quality of their fabrics, but have called into existence a number of new and beautiful textiles, under the name of "merinos," "alpacos," "barèges," "mousseline-de-laines," suitable for dresses, and also shawls, which in fineness of texture and facility of receiving dyes rival the best products of the Indian loom, which are consumed at home, and largely exported to every quarter of the globe. It is the cheapness of these goods that gives them so wide a market: that cheapness materially depends on the low price of the raw material. The Silesian flockowner, whose sheep have to be housed all the winter, and fed upon stored food, even if he could produce the quantity, could not afford to sell it at the same price as the Australian squatter (before the discovery of gold), whose flocks wandered the year round over natural pastures, without ever experiencing the chills of winter. But the discovery of gold—to be gathered for digging a few feet below the surface of the earth—has entirely altered and seriously endangered the position of the Australian wool-grower. Numbers of the wealthiest are now reaping the bitter fruits of short-sighted selfishness, against which they were warned in vain.

In Australia, on an average, each 1800 sheep require the care of three persons

—two shepherds to lead or follow two flocks during the day, and a hutkeeper, male or female, to cook, and watch the two flocks at night. The shearing is usually done with the assistance of itinerating bands, who traverse the "Bush" at the proper season. The care of a shepherd in these vast unclosed plains and open forest is indispensable to guard against the attacks of the dingoes, a sort of fox; the depredations of the blacks; the chances of a fatal disease, such as the scab, foot-rot, or catarrh, which are to be caught in certain districts; and the danger of losing parts of a flock. In lambing time, and when lambs are first weaned, extra care and trouble are needed. Sheep well managed increase seventy per cent. per annum; the average living increase of Australia has not been much short of forty per cent. It is this steady, easy increase of the exportable raw material, wool, which has enabled the Australian population to be, in proportion to their numbers, the largest consumers in the world of British manufactures. The inhabitants consume on an average £8 9s. a head of British manufactures; and each Australian family produces exports, according to the calculation of Mr. Leslie Forster, of Port Phillip, to the extent of £87 10s.

The annual increase of sheep is partly restricted by the system of boiling down a certain number every year, and exporting them in the shape of tallow. To a great extent the increase of wool-bearing sheep depends on the increase of shepherds. Except for flocks of lambs, or ewes about to yearn, any old man, woman, or child over eight years old, may be a shepherd. If the squatters had been prudent, they would long since have followed the wise and Christian example of a few who have now reason to congratulate themselves on a line of conduct once much ridiculed; they would have preferred married shepherds, who could give living hostages for their fidelity; and they would have encouraged the plan, tardily forced upon the colonial government in the year just past, of selling, wherever available, small freeholds of fifty acres, in which frugal shepherds might invest their ample savings, and, marrying, settle and breed up a race of young shepherds—a plan not adopted until the sale of large lots had ceased for ten years. It is well known that the great squatters, who, under the high-priced land system, have had a practical monopoly of the land, have preferred a stout bachelor bush servant, "who would draw the balance of his wages at the end of the year, spend them in a drunken debauch, and then be obliged to hire again." Men with wives and children have been abhorred, and small settlers on land especially detested.

Under the Wakefield system, which has been the curse of the labourer and the ruin of the capitalist who put faith in it wherever practised, our Colonial-office has permitted the selfish stockowners to dictate as to what class should be allowed to emigrate on the proceeds of the rent and sale of land, and has connived at obstructing the frugal labourer in the possession of land.

These errors are now virtually admitted; the Government does take some pains to place wives within the reach of bush servants, and does sell small plots, thus robbing the publican of his gains. But the discovery of gold brought all the criminal shortcomings of the "protection of capital system" home to the pockets of selfish wool-growers. The wandering bachelor vagabond class of shepherds, once so much in favour, have deserted to the gold-fields *en masse*; while the married shepherds, settled in their nice cottages, with gardens, on

the estate of such men as Mr. Sattor, have stuck to their duties, or amicably arranged how and when to try their luck, leaving their families to perform their shepherding. The great flockowners, or squatters, who once demanded an able-bodied, subservient serf—if single all the better, if drunken none the worse, without family ties or independent spirit—are now imploring the Emigration Commissioners to send the oldest, the feeblest, the fathers with the largest families. "Pray send us," they cry out, "some who will not want to go and dig gold—who are too old, too weak, or too fond of their wives and families to leave the ample wages, the comfortable huts, the gardens, the heifers, pigs, and poultry *we now offer*." The wool manufacturers of Yorkshire have taken the alarm and appealed in numerous deputations to the Earl of Derby and Sir John Pakington.

The appeal is late, and the consequences to Australia and to this country will be serious indeed. Fathers have been obliged to send for children from school, and set boys, and even girls, to look after their sheep-fortunes. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Port Phillip lately met with not less than six children of a wealthy squatter, on horseback, looking after flocks and herds. It will take years to repair the losses sustained in the next year, if vigorous means be not taken to supply the vacancies in the pastoral ranks. A squatter cannot afford to pay much more than £20 a year to a shepherd, with full rations, and £10 to his wife for cooking for her husband; £8 to a boy of ten years of age, with rations; viz. to each full-grown person 12 lb. of meat, 10 lb. of flour, 2 lb. of sugar, and ½ lb. of tea weekly.

If we lose our Australian wools, and we shall lose half the supply, at the value of a million sterling, very soon, without more vigorous efforts than have yet been made, we shall lose, and perhaps never regain, valuable foreign markets. The effects of the mismanagement of emigration will soon be felt in Yorkshire.

Pauper emigration will never pay—emigrants of the right class are not to be draughted out like shorthorns or South Downs. You cannot take a father and mother and reject two or three children, or accept children and reject parents. You cannot apply an arbitrary gauge of trade, or age, or country, as the Emigration Commissioners do, if you want a perpetual stream of self-supporting emigration. You must induce the labouring classes to take up emigration for their own good, not for the good of their masters. All industrious people of frugal temperate habits will make good emigrants. A little help, a little courtesy, a little kindly paternal advice—not patronising, but sympathising—that is what is needed to save Australian sheepowners and Yorkshire manufacturers, and to make a great pastoral desert a populous prosperous empire. Government emigration is a failure, and something of a job: *dilettante* emigration is too costly to do much. As an example of what great colonial experience, large common sense, deep knowledge of human nature can do, with small means, the parties interested in Australian wool had better turn to Mrs. Chisholm, and the £7000 paid into her Family Colonisation Society's fund by the working classes. If we only show the way, prepare good ships, and explain the advantages, thousands of the working classes will pay their own passage much more quickly than any great Government scheme can be arranged and floated to its usual failure.

S. S.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

## SECOND SUPPLEMENT.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

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### THE CORK NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

We last week briefly noticed the opening of this Exhibition, notwithstanding it took place at a very late period of the week, at a distance from the metropolis of England of upwards of 400 miles; and we now give a more detailed report of the interesting proceedings connected with that important event, with various Illustrations of some of its most striking scenes. In every way the demonstration must be looked upon as most important, as evincing what Irishmen can themselves do to raise the position of their own country, when directed by two or three heads of less mercurial and more calculating quality than appears too often to belong to the natives of the Emerald Isle, and also the deep and sincere interest which the present Lord-Lieutenant takes in promoting the welfare of the country over which he has been called to preside. Himself no politician, and evidently disliking that portion of his duties connected with them, his mind and attention appear to be devoted to the consideration of how he can most practically assist in the elevation of the character of the people, by encouraging the pursuit of business for which their temperament admirably suits them.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AT CORK.

His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, with the Countess of Eglinton and a numerous suite, left Dublin by special train on the Great Southern and Western Railway, in a very handsome saloon carriage prepared for the occasion, shortly before twelve o'clock on Wednesday; and after making a short stoppage at the Limerick junction to partake of luncheon, proceeded to Cork, where they arrived at half-past four. Upon the platform the Mayor and several members of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition, with the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Shea, all wearing their badges, awaited the coming of the train. The Earl of Bandon, wearing his uniform as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord Bernard, in the uniform of the City of Cork Militia, and Colonel Hodder in that of the militia force of the county, were in attendance. Lord Kinsale was also present. The High Sheriffs of the county and city, John Courtnay, Esq., — Ballyedmond, Esq., and Francis B. Beamish, Esq., were among those who waited.

A detachment of the 40th Regiment was drawn up on the platform, under Major Valliant, as a guard of honour. Major-General Mansel (commanding the garrison) and his staff, comprising Colonel Mansel, Colonel French, Major Stewart, and Major Paget, attended. Colonel Eld was also present.

At the moment the train dashed up to the station it was received with loud cheers by those upon the platform, the band of the 40th Regiment striking up the National Anthem. The carriage in which his Excellency arrived is of remarkable elegance, and was constructed specially for the occasion. On his Excellency stepping upon the platform he was received by the Mayor, the Earl of Bandon, Colonel Mansel, and other gentlemen. Renewed cheering on the platform

greeted his arrival. With his Excellency were the Countess of Eglinton, Lord Beeve, Capt. Thesiger, and Dean Loughlin, of the Chapel Royal. Several of the directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway accompanied the Lord-Lieutenant's suite from Dublin. Their Excellencies then passed across the platform, the Countess of

Eglinton leaning upon the arm of the Mayor. The Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess, the Earl of Bandon, and his Worship the Mayor, then entered the carriage of the Mayor, and a procession was formed, headed by a large body of the military, and followed by a number of private carriages, which proceeded through the suburb of Blackpool, where were triumphal arches, decorated with the famous Cork Blackpool gingham, evergreens, &c., and amidst the loyal demonstrations of the people, into the city, passing over St. Patrick's bridge (as shown in our Illustration), under the shadow of the ancient steeple of Shandon, rendered so famous in song by a local poet, and well known as "The Bells of Shandon."

Along the route thousands of people had assembled, who, notwithstanding the pitiless pelting of the rain, kept their ground.

As the procession proceeded, considerable attention was excited by an Irish piper, who had been placed in an artificial bower on the front of one of the houses in Patrick-street, to produce those thrilling strains from the Union pipes so loved by his countrymen, to greet the coming of his Excellency and his amiable Countess. This incident is illustrated by our Artist.

Military bands and troops marched along the line of the procession, from Patrick's-bridge to the terminus of the Cork and Bandon Railway, to add a charm to the scene; and the whole would have formed quite a brilliant pageant, had it not been for the rain, which now came down rather heavily.

#### RECEPTION AT BANDON.

On reaching the terminus his Excellency was received by Colonel Beamish, who wore his uniform of a Colonel in the Hanoverian service; T. Somerville Reeves, T. Somers Payne, W. J. Shaw, H. W. Wood, Secretary of the Bandon Railway Company, and several other gentlemen.

Their Excellencies, after the gentlemen on the platform had been presented to them, took their seats in the carriage which had been reserved for their use, and the train immediately after left the station amid the cheers of the spectators. The train then traversed the line at a very rapid rate, but shut off steam on nearing the Chetwynd Viaduct, which it crossed at a moderate pace, and thus enabled their Excellencies to judge, by its immense elevation and length, of the magnitude of this undertaking. It then slowly passed the Rallinhassig station, where a large force of constabulary was drawn up, and on nearing the town of Bandon the cheering became very general and warm. The train reached the Bandon terminus about twenty minutes after six.

Their Excellencies were received by the Marquis of Thomond, Earl of Bantry, Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe; Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of York; and Lord Carbery.

A deputation of the town commissioners and of the magistrates and the inhabitants generally of Bandon was then presented to their Excellencies.

Mr. Sherlock next came forward to present the address of the inhabitants of Bandon to his Excellency. He said, — May it please your Excellency, as Chairman of the Town Commissioners, and also of the great influential meeting of



IRISH PIPER IN PATRICK-STREET, CORK.



THE PROCESSION ENTERING PATRICK-STREET, CORK.





BUSTS OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, AND THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.—BY J. E. JONES.

the magistrates, clergy, gentry, and inhabitants generally of the ancient and loyal borough of Bandon-bridge and its vicinity, I have the honour to present an address to your Excellency, which I hope your Excellency will allow me the honour of reading:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHIBALD WILLIAM, THE EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON, LORD-LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND GENERAL GOVERNOR OF IRELAND.

The Address of the Town Commissioners, Magistrates, Clergy, and Inhabitants of the ancient and loyal Borough of Bandon-bridge and its vicinity.

May it please your Excellency,—We, the town commissioners, magistrates, clergy, and inhabitants of the ancient and loyal borough of Bandon-bridge and its vicinity, approach your Excellency with sentiments of the most profound respect, to present to your Excellency and your amiable Countess our most cordial congratulations on your arrival in this our ancient town, and to express, through your Excellency, as the representative of our most gracious Queen, our devoted and unalienable attachment to her Majesty's person and throne.

We hail with pleasure and gratitude this visit of your Excellency for the purpose of opening the National Exhibition in the city of Cork, and we anxiously hope that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, it may prove the harbinger of the permanent improvement of Ireland, and that it may be followed by the increased prosperity and happiness of her people.

In offering this our hearty welcome, we take this opportunity of assuring your Excellency of our zealous co-operation in the promotion and maintenance of the peace and welfare of the country.

We have the honour to remain your Excellency's most obedient and humble servants,  
(Signed, on behalf of the inhabitants)

THOMAS SHERLOCK, Chairman of the Town Commissioners, and the remaining Commissioners, together with upwards of 500 other signatures, comprising the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Bandon and its vicinity.

His Excellency then read the following reply, which was handed to him by his secretary, Colonel Campbell:—

Gentlemen,—I accept with the greatest pleasure your kind congratulations on my arrival in this ancient town, as well as the expression of your devoted attachment to the person and office of our Sovereign.

It is an additional source of gratification to me, that I am called hither on an occasion of such national interest, and I trust that it may prove to be the commencement of a long era of prosperity and happiness to the people in whose welfare I shall always hereafter take the warmest interest.

The anxiety which you express to co-operate in the maintenance of the tranquillity of the country is most satisfactory; for I feel assured that, without the preservation of internal peace, no legislation can afford any permanent amelioration to the evils which have so long oppressed the energies and retarded the improvement of Ireland.

On concluding his reply, which was loudly applauded, his Excellency, the Countess of Eglinton, Earl of Bandon, and Marquis of Thomond left the station-house, and entered the carriage of Lord Bandon, which was in waiting to convey their Excellencies to Castle Bernard, the seat of the noble Earl of Bandon (a View of which we have Engraved). The carriage was drawn by four beautiful grey horses, ridden by postillions, and preceded by two outriders; and was followed by three other carriages, in which were the Earl of Bective, Earl of Bantry, Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe; Mr. Fortescue, Colonel Campbell, Captain Cust, Mr. Theiger, A.D.C.; Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Cork; Rev. Mr. Sealy, and Rev. Mr. Bleakly. The deputation placed themselves at the head of the cortege, and in this order proceeded through the South Main Street, which in various places was spanned by triumphal arches, bearing such inscriptions as "Hail to thee Eglinton," "Cead mille, fealta," and "Success to Irish Industry" (a point from which our illustration is taken). On the fronts of the houses, also, various inscriptions were placed, but not one was to be seen of a political or sectarian character. The windows and roofs of the houses throughout the line of procession were crowded with spectators, and their cheers were loud and enthusiastic—a compliment which their Excellencies repeatedly acknowledged. On reaching the borough boundary, the deputation separated from the cortege, which continued its route to Castle Bernard, amidst cheering for "Eglinton and the noble house of Bandon."

There was a large dinner party assembled at Castle Bernard to meet their Excellencies, including Earl and Countess of Bandon, Lady Harriett Bernard, Earl of Bective, Marquis and Marchioness of Thomond, Viscount and Viscountess Bernard, Earl and Countess of Bantry, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Bernard, with their two sons, Percy and Boyle, aged respectively eight and five years, who were dressed in Highland costume; Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, Coolmain; Lord Carbery, Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe, the Bishop of Cork, Colonel Campbell, Captain Cust, Mr. Theiger, A.D.C., Colonel Alcock Stawell, Rev. Mr. Bleakly, and General Shuldham. His Worship the Mayor of Cork, and Major-General Mansel, were also invited, but sent apologies. In the evening there was a large reception of the neighbouring nobility and gentry; and a display of fireworks took place about ten o'clock in a marsh opposite Castle Bernard, and, despite the distance from the town and the unfavourableness of the situation, attracted a large crowd of spectators.

#### OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

Thursday, the day of the opening, was observed as a close holiday throughout Cork. The different public buildings, club-houses, and some of the principal shops were decorated with evergreens and flowers, and hung out gay banners. In the direction of the National Exhibition Building crowds began to assemble early in the day, and the passage of Anglesea Bridge soon became an enterprise of no small difficulty. It was arranged that, as the accommodation in seats was unavoidably limited, entrance should be given in the first instance to the ladies holding season tickets, in order that they might have an opportunity of seating themselves before the rush of gentlemen should commence, when confusion might possibly gain the mastery of politeness. This arrangement was carried out with much greater attention and ease than might have been expected.

Within the Building the eye at first caught nothing but a confused blending of bright colours of all kinds. When, after much fluttering of dresses, the greater number of the fair spectators had contrived to fill the seats, and the whole extent of the Southern Hall or Fine Arts Court, where the visitors were arranged, could be comprehended at a glance, a panorama of the most brilliant hues might be surveyed. From the benches of the chorists around Telford's organ, through the arch dividing the hall, to the far extreme of the Northern Court, terminated

by the large scriptural painting of Mr. Fitzgerald, the space was filled to its uttermost power of comprehension. The rainbow-tinted dresses of the ladies, the glittering uniforms of military and naval officers, and the robes of corporate and collegiate authorities, gave to the hall, viewed from an elevated position, the semblance of a richly-coloured picture, subdued by the relieving shade of the vaulted roof. Here and there the view was broken by the massive form of some noble statue arising from among the bright crowd. A sensation of refreshing coolness was diffused throughout the Building by the waters of the fountain which played through the day, and sent up a light spiral column of spray. In front of the organ was placed the throne, covered with dark purple velvet, designed for the reception of the Lord-Lieutenant. Around the throne were arranged the members of the corporation and of the other municipal bodies of the city, all wearing the robes of their office. The Professors of the College also attended in their robes. The members of the Executive Committee wore their appropriate badges. The General and the different officers in garrison, and the officers of the fleet now in the harbour (all in uniform) assembled, principally, in this part of the Building, and not less than 4000 persons could have been present.

At one o'clock the firing of cannon and the cheering of the multitude outside the Building announced the arrival of their Excellencies, and immediately afterwards the doors were opened, a passage made up to the throne, and his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, preceded by the Mayor, Mr. Shea, hon. secretary; Mr. F. P. Beamish, and several members of the Executive Committee, and followed by the noblemen and officers of his suite, with the Earl of Bandon and Lord Bernard, passed up the hall. His Excellency took his seat upon the throne; the officers of his suite, members of the committee, &c., standing grouped around him.

The "Hallelujah" chorus was admirably performed by 200 voices belonging to Dublin and Cork musical societies; and immediately afterwards Mr. Shea, honorary secretary, read the following address to his Excellency, upon the part of the Executive Committee of the National Exhibition:—

#### ADDRESS FROM THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

We, the Mayor and Executive Committee of the National Exhibition, on behalf of the citizens of Cork, greet your Excellency's arrival amongst us with an ardent welcome.

We recognise in your Excellency the distinguished representative of our beloved Queen, the object alike of our loyalty and our affection, and whose generous example in sustaining our humble efforts to rouse the drooping energies, and to stimulate into greater activity the exertions of the Irish people, you have so nobly imitated.

We have marked with pleasure, since your Excellency's official connexion with Ireland, how anxiously you have availed yourself of every opportunity to patronise her public institutions, to promote her native manufactures, to inspire our gentry with respect for her inherent capabilities, and our humble fellow-countrymen with a just reliance upon their own industry and intelligence.

In the encouragement given by your Excellency's predecessor to the project of an exhibition in our city, which first led its promoters to venture upon extending the design so as to embrace the arts and manufactures of all Ireland, and in the patronage since accorded by your Excellency to the matured undertaking from which so many advantages have resulted, we recognise conduct that represents, in the most beneficial manner, the fostering attributes of a ruler anxious to promote the real interests of the country.

Your Excellency's ready acceptance of our invitation to inaugurate this day's auspicious ceremonial, we regard as a high compliment to ourselves and to our fellow-citizens, and we deem the value of that compliment greatly enhanced by the presence of your amiable and distinguished Countess, to whom we offer the tribute of our thanks for thus adding grace and lustre to the opening scene of our National Exhibition.

Our country has passed through a severe ordeal of calamity and privations—let us fervently hope that the proceedings of this day may prove the commencement of an era of cheering contrast to the years that have gone by, that this National Exhibition may be followed by those results which we had alone in view, to secure, in the most profitable development of the resources of Ireland, the triumph of the skill and intelligence of her people, and that your Excellency may hereafter look back upon this scene as one with which you will feel a just pride in having your name associated in the recollection of our countrymen.

(Signed)  
WILLIAM HACKETT, Mayor,  
Chairman of the Executive Committee.

His Excellency then read the following reply:—

Gentlemen,—Coming to Ireland as the representative of a gracious and enlightened Queen, whose patronage of science and of arts is equalled only by her desire to promote the best interests and encourage the rational enjoyments of her subjects, I consider it an imperative duty to give my best aid to a scheme of such great national importance and utility.

To revive the energies and stimulate the exertions of the people, to teach them to rely on the genius and resources with which they are so richly endowed in

themselves and in their country, to foster the industry, the results of which we see around us in such rich profusion, shall be my constant object so long as I remain among you; and most fervently do I trust that this magnificent demonstration of what Irishmen can and will do when their efforts are well directed, may prove a great and lasting benefit to Ireland. (Applause.)

I beg to propose to you, on my own part and on that of Lady Eglinton, our best thanks for the kind manner in which we have been received, and to assure you that we shall ever retain a most pleasing recollection of the courtesy, liberality, and public spirit of the inhabitants of Cork. ("Hear, hear," and applause.)

His Excellency then conferred the honour of knighthood on the Mayor.

The Recorder next read the following

#### ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION.

May it please your Excellency,—We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Cork, respectfully tender to your Excellency our most grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have conferred on our city in graciously visiting it on the present national occasion.

As the representative of our illustrious and beloved Sovereign, we hail your presence amongst us, to inaugurate an undertaking having for its object the elevation and improvement of all Irishmen without distinction of creed or class, as an auspicious circumstance. The high office which your Excellency holds is ever seen to best advantage when disconnected from all party associations; it is simply regarded as typifying the imperial majesty of the Crown; and in an especial degree does it command respect where it is, as in the present instance, availed of to promote measures of public utility, and to stimulate the industrial efforts of the people.

An important part of our duty would have been omitted were we to allow the opportunity to pass without conveying, through the medium of this address, our warmest thanks to her Excellency the Countess of Eglinton, for gracing with her presence the opening of our Exhibition.

The magnificent patronage which her Excellency bestows on the manufactures of her country is not one of her slightest claims to our regard. That patronage will, we hope, do much to induce others to adopt them, especially those who, like her Excellency, can ensure admiration for whatever they adopt.

Once again we beg your Excellency to accept our felicitations on your arrival in Cork, and our thanks for the kindly interest which you have taken in forwarding our National Exhibition. (Signed) W. B. HACKETT, Mayor.

His Excellency then read the following reply:—

Gentlemen,—If anything were wanting to increase the pleasure which I feel in paying my first visit to Cork on such an interesting occasion, I should find it in the cordiality with which you have received me, and the flattering terms in which you welcome me to your city.

As the representative of my Sovereign, I should have failed in the performance of my duty, if I had not given my best encouragement to the patriotic undertaking which the public spirit of your citizens has brought to such a successful issue; and, as an individual, I should have been wanting in good feeling towards you, if I had hesitated to accept the invitation which was so promptly and so kindly proffered to me.

I am fully convinced that I best consult, not only the interests of Ireland, but the dignity of my office, by keeping myself as much apart as possible from the turmoil of politics and party warfare, and that it is only by pursuing a fair and impartial course, and by acting justly and firmly to all, that I can hope to make myself respected, and to soften down the religious and political asperities which have been the bane of Ireland. (Loud applause.)

The presentation of the addresses (a scene which we have illustrated) having taken place, his Excellency commanded his worship the Mayor to kneel down, and conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood, him rise as Sir William Hackett.

His Excellency then said:—In the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and on behalf of the Executive Committee, I now declare this Exhibition opened. May it meet with all the success which the excellence of its objects so well deserves, and may the results of that be such as the best well-wisher of Ireland can desire.

Loud cheers followed this announcement, which was proclaimed to the city by repeated salvos of artillery from the troops in the Camp field.

The chorus then sang the "Inauguration Ode," composed by Mr. Waller, and arranged by Dr. Stuart. The chorus was conducted by Dr. Stuart. The following is the

#### INAUGURATION ODE.

<p>STROPHE a. MAN, arise! and speed thy mission— Labour of the brain and brow, God assigns a high ambition; Glorify thy Maker now.</p>	<p>EPODE a. Earth, which Deity at first For the sin of man had cursed, Conquer'd by his tameless will, Yield thy treasures to his skill: All thy bosom, all thy heart Yield to Labour, yield to Art. Air, lend all thy favouring wings; Ocean, give thy hidden things; Elemental fire inflame, Till the stubborn ore thou tame, Plastic to man's stern command, As the wax to infant's hand.</p>
<p>ANTISTROPHE a. Genius! from thy heaven-taught heart, Bring the jewels of thy thought— Pensive Science, keen-eyed Art, Toil, give all thy hand hath wrought.</p>	



WESTERN END OF CASTLE BERNARD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF BONDON.



**STROPHE b.**  
See with the soul the canvass glow!  
See to life the marble start!  
Hear from string and symphon flow,  
Sounds that soothe and shake the heart!

**ANTISTROPHE b.**  
Raise the song to praise and bless,  
Raise the song with glad accord—  
Good to man and happiness,  
Holiness unto the Lord.

**EPODE b.**  
Thine the fulness of the land,  
Lord, we lay it at thy throne;  
In the hollow of thine hand,  
Thou dost hold the earth thine own.  
Landing thee with hearts o'erflowing,  
Who dost make the morn's outgoing  
Evermore to give thee praise;  
Lord to thee our souls we raise.  
Let peace and wealth upon us smile;  
Bless our Monarch—bless our Isle.

**STROPHE g.**  
Shadows of the deep, long night,  
Draping all the moonless sky,  
Darkest ere the coming light  
Of the morning dawns on high—

**ANTISTROPHE g.**  
Lo! they melt before the glancing  
Of the radiant light advancing,  
Till the glorious day arise  
Lustrous o'er the reddening skies.

**EPODE g.**  
See the sun above the hills,  
All the earth with splendour fills.  
Hues of beauty—shapes of glory,  
Such as bard ne'er feign'd in story,  
Burst upon the wondering sight—  
Forms of wisdom—forms of light,  
Throng the world, from slumber  
waking,

Loud acclamations followed the conclusion of the Ode, which was rendered by the chorus with magnificent effect.

Mr. Waller and Dr. Stuart were then presented to his Excellency. The Lord-Lieutenant was then conducted through the Exhibition Buildings by Mr. Shea and Mr. F. B. Beamish, who pointed out to his notice the principal statues, paintings, and objects of industrial and mechanical interest.

The ceremonies concluded with the performance of a chorus arranged to the air of Handel's Coronation Hymn for George III., the words by Mr. Waller.

After his Excellency and suite left the Buildings, they were closed for the day.

During the day a beautiful copy of the Exhibition Catalogue, bound in green morocco, and emblazoned with an appropriate motto and the name of his Excellency, was presented to the Lord-Lieutenant by Mr. J. O'Brien, of Patrick-street.

#### THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The Building in which the Exhibition takes place was originally built or a new Corn-Exchange, and is admirably situate on Albert-quay, overlooking the river, and close to Anglesey-bridge and the main streets of the city. The exterior is of a simple rustic style, and, though pleasing and appropriate, would not lead any one to suppose that so much room could be found in, or in connexion with it, as required for this Exhibition.

On obtaining admission by the principal entrance, the spectator is introduced into what is styled the Northern Hall—or, in other words, the room originally built for the Corn-Exchange—which presents an area of 75 feet by 75: and immediately below this is the Southern Hall, or Fine Arts Gallery, 145 feet long by 52; and this gallery being three steps lower than the original apartment, an advantageous view is presented of a hall 250 feet in depth, which, when filled, will have a very magnificent effect. The total area of the entrance hall—to the right of the pay-door of which, by the by, are committee-rooms, and to the left refreshment-courts—is about 6500 feet, of which about 2300 feet have been dedicated for promenade, leaving about 4200 feet for the exhibition of goods. From this hall we are led through an archway to the Fine Arts Court, which has been erected under the superintendence of Mr. Benson, the architect, in twenty-four days. It is, as stated above, 145 feet long by 52 wide, and contains an area of 7272 feet, of which 2672 has to be deducted for promenade, leaving 4600 applicable to the purposes of the Exhibition. This hall is constructed of timber, and has an arched roof, which gives it a great

While the morning pean breaking  
In the vast and mellow'd voice  
Of a Nation's heart upspringeth,  
Till with praises heav'n ringeth,  
And the Isles rejoice!

**STROPHE d.**  
Honour to the avenging arm,  
Glowing brow, and earnest heart!

**ANTISTROPHE d.**  
Honour to the potent charm  
Wizard Science gives to Art!

**EPODE d.**  
Spirit adorable! whose will doth move  
All life to be thy ministrant—  
Spirit of Wisdom, Potency, and Love!  
To thee we raise our loftiest chant,  
Great Primal Mind! great Primal  
Hand!

Artificer of all that thou hast  
plann'd.  
The fast foundations of the beauteous  
world

Into the deep, dark chaos thou hast  
hurld,  
What time peal'd out the grand siderea  
song:

Thyself invisible—serene—alone  
Amid the clouds and thunders round  
thy throne,

Thou didst control each orb that moved  
along  
And thou didst breathe into man's  
lifeless frame

The sacred breath of thine Almighty  
name,  
Making thy last, best work—a living  
soul:

Then all the sons of God, in loud  
acclaim,  
Shouted for joy Jehovah's holy name!  
And to the farthest bounds

Of space, in thunder sounds,  
Creation's jubilant hymn to God did roll!



IRISH POPLIN.—BY PIM BROTHERS AND CO.

deal of the appearance of the transept of the Great Exhibition. It is lighted from the top by skylights, an arrangement which might be copied with advantage by many of our galleries, there not being a painting hung in a bad light, with the exception of a few behind Telford's organ, which is situated at the further end of this hall. The walls of this hall, to the height of 10 or 11 feet, are covered with red cloth, relieved by gilt pilasters; but all above displays the bare boards, with the exception of those places where the paintings occupy a somewhat elevated position. It is a pity that time did not permit of the painting or covering of these



IRISH POPLIN.—BY ATKINSON AND CO.

boards, as the present appearance not only gives an idea of incompleteness, but is injurious to the effect of the paintings. Running east and west, between the northern and southern halls, is a central hall, which abuts a considerable distance on either side, forming, as it were, wings to the main building. This centre hall is 326 feet long by 30 wide, and contains an area of upwards of 9000 feet, of which 3800 are allotted for a promenade, and the remainder for the display of goods.

#### THE EXHIBITION.

Our space will not allow us to enter with any minuteness into a description of the various articles exhibited, and we must therefore content ourselves with endeavouring to give our readers a general idea of their nature; at the same time,

admitting that the display of goods by far exceeded, both in quantity and quality, all the expectations we had formed of what it was likely to be. Over the entrance-door of the Northern Hall is a painting of the "Mocking of the Saviour," as he is being led away to be scourged, by Fitzgerald, of Dublin, which shows the artist to have a proper appreciation of his subject, and considerable skill in harmonising colours; but it appears to us to be generally too much crowded with accessories. In this hall there are several cases of beautiful Limerick lace, and of crochet-work performed by pupils of the industrial schools at Cork, established at the time of the famine of 1846, and other schools. There are likewise in this hall some cases of stuffed birds, the electric telegraph, a press striking Exhibition medals, the Jacquard tincture weaving machine, belonging to Messrs. Keeley and Leech, of Dublin; and the velvet loom of Mr. Jones, of the same city. These latter machines are both at work—the one in manufacturing a magnificent tincture of green and gold, for the Countess of Eglinton; and the other in weaving a plain crimson silk velvet, of most excellent texture. It is stated that Mr. Jones wished to bring down to the Exhibition a piece of scarlet velvet he has now in hand for a lady of distinction; but the weaver objected, lest it should be spoiled by the handling of the spectators.

The centre of the Southern or Fine Arts Hall is occupied with specimens of bookbinding, jewellery, a fountain, and some beautifully carved furniture in Irish oak—all excellent in their way, and deserving of attention. But the great attraction of this hall—which has been engraved by our Artist—will be found in the paintings and sculpture, of which the display would do no discredit to many of our London exhibitions. Amongst the paintings there are many familiar to us, and, no doubt, to our readers, as household words. Amongst the most prominent are MacLise's cartoon "Vision of Justice," and one of his earliest efforts, a rough likeness of Sir Walter Scott, taken at the time of his visit to Cork, accompanied by Lockhart and Miss Edgeworth, in 1825; Danby's "Tempest;" "The Widow's Son of Nain," by Mr. Drummond, of Cork—a work of great excellence, showing that a brilliant future is before the artist; some paintings by West, including that of "Chaucer reading his Poems before Edward III.;" Sir M. A. Shea's portrait of Lord Montague; and several specimens of the style of amateur artists, including Lady Bernard, Miss Lalliser, &c. Of sculpture and models there is a good display, many of the pieces being somewhat familiar to the majority of our readers, having held a distinguished position in last year's Great Exhibition, as will be seen from the following list:—M'Dowell's "Eve;" Kirke's "Origin of the Dimple" and "Ruth and Naomi;" Joseph Farrell's "Bard's Farewell" and "Wanderer;" Thomas Farrell's "Lost One" (which he has had to restore, having been shattered on its route to the Exhibition); Foley's "Youth at the Stream;" Heffernan's "Suzanna;" "Girl Caressing a Child," and "Hamon and Antigone;" Moore's "Sleeping Child," &c. Mr. John Jones exhibits three groups, all excellently executed; but the one which will attract most attention is that of Mr. Brassey's children playing with a favourite dog. This artist also exhibits six busts, the likeness in those of her Majesty and the Earl and Countess of Eglinton being strikingly true to nature. The Exhibition also contains a variety of other busts, including Curran, Sheil, Plunket, Henn, the late Chief Justice Benton, Cardinal Wiseman, &c.; Hogan's "Father Matthew;" Baxter's "Catherine Hayes," &c. In this hall we also observed two small glass cases, the one containing fruit and the other a dead bird, carved in wood by Mr. A. Clarke, of the School of Design, Dublin, which are highly creditable to his talents.

Turning from the Northern Hall into the western portion of the Central Hall, we find an excellent display of chandeliers, glass, furniture, and a variety of miscellaneous articles. The carving of the furniture is generally of the first class; and some of the specimens of glass exhibited are scarcely inferior to the celebrated Bohemian workmanship. There is likewise in this portion of the Exhibition a curious display of stuffed birds and animals, many of which are ranged in comical groups like those shown in the German collection in the Great Exhibition last year. At the extreme west of this hall we enter the Machine-room, in which are a flax scutching machine, a steam-engine to keep other machinery in motion, and a variety of agricultural machinery; but when we left Cork, this part of the Exhibition was in very far from a complete state. Retracing his steps, and entering from the same spot the eastern portion of this Central Hall or gallery, the spectator will find himself surrounded with a collection of clocks, paper-hangings—some of which are very elegant—textile fabrics, and other articles of manufacture. Here Messrs. Atkinson and Co., of Dublin, have their loom, exhibited in Hyde Park last year, in full operation, manufacturing a piece of beautiful white poplin, enriched with coloured bouquets, combining the rose, shamrock, and thistle, for the Countess of Eglinton, from a pattern supplied by the Dublin School of Design. This house also exhibits a great variety of poplins, brocades, &c., the patterns on two specimens of which we have engraved—the larger one representing a portion of magnificent hangings with a running pattern, containing the national emblems; and the smaller a piece of poplin, with a coloured floral pattern on a dark ground. The Messrs. Atkinson, who received the gold medal last year, also exhibit a specimen of Irish weaving, executed as long since as 1738, containing an excellent portrait of George II. In this department, also, Messrs. Pim



WHITE POPLIN.—BY ATKINSON AND CO





HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT'S PROCESSION AT BANDON.

Brothers, of Dublin, who likewise obtained the gold medal last year, exhibit some beautiful specimens of single and brocaded poplins, a specimen of the latter of which we have also engraved. Passing on to the extreme east of this hall, we find a small room partitioned off, and hung with drapery, for the exhibition of Hogan's "Dead Christ," a work of art never to be too much praised. In this room are also shown some pieces of devotional sculpture, amongst which a "Madonna and Child" will be sure to attract attention. Passing out of this gallery the spectator finds himself in another room corresponding in size with the machinery department, mainly devoted to the reception of carriages, the display of which is extremely good. In this room are also exhibited specimens of harness, some of it on life-size horses, and models of fishing, life, and other boats.

In a yard attached to the Exhibition Building there is a handsome fountain, surrounded by specimens of coal, ironstone, slate, and other minerals; and throughout the Exhibition there are interspersed some very

elegant specimens, both manufactured and unmanufactured, of the marbles of Limerick, Cork, Clare, and other counties of Ireland.

#### VISIT TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Immediately after leaving the Exhibition on Thursday, the Lord-Lieutenant, accompanied by his staff, drove from the Exhibition through the South Mall, the Parade, and the Western-road, in order to visit the College. His Excellency went through the building, inspected the museum, professors' apartments, offices, &c., and expressed his approval of the general arrangements.

About four o'clock his Excellency and suite, accompanied by the professors, proceeded to the Examination Hall, where a great number of ladies and gentlemen, who had hurried from the Exhibition in order to witness the proceedings, had assembled. The professors were attired in their official robes; a number of students were also present, dressed in their academical costume.

Sir Robert Kane then came forward and read a congratulatory address, to which his Excellency made the following reply:—

I have great pleasure in returning you thanks for the congratulations which you so kindly offer; and I beg to assure you, that among the many objects of beauty and interest with which I have been met, since my arrival in this city, none has excited my admiration, or caused me greater satisfaction than this important institution. The superiority of the system pursued, and the diversity of the branches which are taught here, render this College well worthy of the support of all to whom the cause of education is dear; and it is most gratifying to find that the intellectual progress of the pupils affords so undeniable a proof of the efficiency of the institution, and their conduct so far a guarantee of their becoming useful and honourable members of society.

It is by such institutions as these, and by disseminating among the people such an education as the circumstances of the times will admit of, that we must look for promoting the internal well-being of our country, and the future prosperity of all classes.

I rejoice that I should have paid my first visit to this college on such an in-



PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD-LIEUTENANT, IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING, CORK.





THE CORK NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—FINE ARTS HALL.



eresting occasion, where I had an opportunity of seeing in such abundance the practical proofs of the country's advancement in intellectual and social improvement.

The presentation of the professors having then taken place with the usual formalities, his Excellency returned to the Imperial Hotel.

#### THE BANQUET.

Shortly before eight o'clock on Thursday evening, a very elegant banquet was served in a spacious hall erected for the purpose, adjoining the Exhibition Building, 90 feet long by 53 wide. The spacious room was occupied by six tables running nearly its entire length. The table reserved for his Excellency and the more distinguished of the guests was placed transversely across the room, and elevated slightly above those at which the remainder of the company were placed. The walls were tastefully and elegantly decorated in colours, of yellow, white, and red, blended with much artistic taste, and decorated at intervals with banners bearing the civic emblems of the various corporate towns of Ireland. Amongst these emblems, generally illustrative of trade, commerce, and navigation, the banner of the town of Derry excited much attention by its particularly lugubrious character, the only figure appearing on it being a full-length representation of Death painted in white, and relieved by a dismal black ground. The roof was supported by ten pillars wreathed in red and white, from which various beautiful colours were hung; and the room was lit by a number of elegantly cut and brilliant chandeliers.

Immediately over the seat occupied by his Excellency, the Cork arms were appropriately placed, on either side of which appeared the initials V. R. and other national emblems.

On the entrance of his Excellency the appearance of the banquet-room was singularly grand and imposing. The scarlet uniforms of the military, of whom a very large number were present, formed a striking and picturesque contrast with the dark blue coats of the naval officers, and the still more sombre dress of the civilians present.

The chair was occupied by the Mayor, Sir W. Hackett; and amongst the nobility and gentry present we observed the Marquess of Thomond, the Earl of Belfast, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Egmont, Lord Clarina, Lord Carbery, Lord Clifton, Lord Massereene, Lord Gort, Lord Howth, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin; the Lords Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross; the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Sir Robert Kane, President of the Queen's College; E. B. Roche, Esq., M.P.; Sir Edward McDonnell, Chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company; Sir Duncan McGregor, Dublin; Sir James Pitcairn, Dublin; Major-General Mansel, commanding the southern district; Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, 1st Royals; Lieutenant-Colonel Baddely, Royal Engineers; Lieutenant-Colonel Dalton, Lieut.-Colonel Eld, 90th Regiment; Lieut.-Colonel French, Major Paget, Lieut.-Colonel Vaughan, 90th Regiment; the Hon. J. Vereker, Dublin; Admiral M. H. Dixon, Queenstown; Captain Quinn, H.M.S. *Ajax*; Colonel Mansel, Major Stuart, Colonel Chesney, Major Bentinck, 7th Dragoon Guards; Sergeant Murphy, M.P.; Captain Huband, P.L.I.; Captain Stuart, R.N.; Lieut. Wentworth, R.N.; Dr. Ryall, Vice-President, Queen's College; R. Griffiths, C.E., Dublin; Dr. Wylsee, Dublin; the Very Rev. the Dean of Leighlin, Very Rev. the Dean of Cork, the Archdeacon of Cork, John Courtenay, Esq., High Sheriff of the county; Colonel Brown, Dublin; the Right Worshipful Dr. Kane, Mayor of Limerick; Right Worshipful the Mayor of Drogheda, Right Worshipful the Mayor of Sligo, Captain Knott, R.N.; Herbert Ingram, Esq.; E. Pike, Bessborough; R. Mulvany, Board of Works; Thomas Hutton, D.L., Dublin; J. Lentaingne, D.L., Dublin; George Roe, Dublin; Dr. Harrison, Dublin; Alderman Andrews, Dublin; W. Fry, Dublin; James Perry, Dublin; James West, Dublin; J. Gresham, Dublin; Sir G. Hodson, Hollybrook Bray, county Wicklow; J. D. Atkin, Dublin; J. Stirling, Dublin, and nearly 600 other gentlemen—almost every part of Ireland being duly represented.

At the conclusion of the dinner, which was served with true Irish profusion, not to say true Irish extravagance, "Non nobis" was sung by a body of professional chorists.

The healths of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal family having been drunk with the utmost enthusiasm,

The Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The health of the Lord-Lieutenant." But a short time ago it was seriously debated by Government that the office of Lord-Lieutenant should be abolished. The answer that the Irish public gave to that intention showed clearly that Ireland was alive to her own feelings and her own interests; and if any question could remain of the sentiments of the Irish people, surely doubts of all would be cleared up at the sight of so large an assemblage as was here this evening. (Loud cheers.) The retaining of the Viceroy in Dublin was the only hope that remained of keeping the landed proprietors of Ireland at home, and not in other lands. It showed that the public of Ireland were bent on keeping the representative of Royalty in their own country. As for the present Lord-Lieutenant, he had shown himself a true and liberal friend of Ireland, in his munificent and generous donation to the Industrial Exhibition. (Hear, hear.) He therefore felt confident it required no inducements from him to lead the meeting to give "The health of the Lord-Lieutenant" their warmest and heartiest response. (Loud applause.)

His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant rose to respond, and was received with the most rapturous applause. When silence had been restored, he said—Sir William Hackett and gentlemen, I thank you most sincerely for the honour you have just paid me; and while I thank you for the honour which you have so kindly paid me, I trust you will allow me to include in my thanks the kind citizens of Cork whom I do not see at this table, but who received me, if possible, in equal favour with yourselves. (Cheers.) Under any circumstances it would have given me the utmost satisfaction to have visited Cork, to have interested myself in its welfare, to have made myself acquainted with its inhabitants, to have seen its beauties, to have inspected its unrivalled harbour. (Cheers.) But I need hardly assure you that it is with most peculiar pleasure that I find myself paying my first visit to this beautiful city upon an occasion such as this. I do indeed consider myself most fortunate that it has fallen to my lot to inaugurate an undertaking such as this—to aid in carrying out a scheme projected, and so far carried out, by the public spirit of the citizens of Cork, aided by the patriotism of all Ireland—a scheme which I feel will contribute to promote the industry and the practical science without which we cannot hope to see Ireland happy and prosperous. (Cheers.) I believe that there were many who hesitated at first to encourage the undertaking, because they feared for its failure. But were there not many who hesitated to encourage that great scheme which has astonished the world, and proved the foresight and wisdom of its Royal projector? (Cheers.) Were there not many who predicted pestilence and plague—who foresaw that London would be overcome by foreigners, that it would be in flames, that even our own people would behave ill, and that, if all those evils were got over, the result would be only a monster bazaar, the novelty of which would wear off in a single fortnight. (Cheers.) I confess, with shame, that I was one of those who feared for the result. But I can only say that the first glance which I got at that mighty building relieved me from all my doubts. (Cheers.) From the first moment that our beloved Queen entered the walls of the Exhibition, surrounded by all that was dear to her, and guarded by nothing but her own true heart and the loyal feelings of her subjects, it was one continued triumph of peaceful art and civilisation. (Cheers.) And I would ask any man whom I see at this table—do you doubt the success of the present Exhibition? (Hear.) It is true that we have not here the statues of Italy, the carving of Austria, the malachites of Russia, the porcelain of Sevres, or the velvets of Genoa, but we have what you and I value far more, the products of our own country. (Loud cheers.) We have the marbles of Cork, of Kilkenny, and of Connemara. (Hear, hear.) We have your linens, we have your tabinets, we have your lace embroidery, we have the results of the industry of the sons and the handiwork of the fair daughters of Erin. (Cheers.) But allow me to ask what is there that the genius of Ireland cannot accomplish, whether it be the highest effort of human ambition, or the humblest essay of talent? Does not Irish blood flow in the veins of the conqueror of the greatest emperor the world has ever seen? (Cheers.) Does not the blood of Ireland flow in the veins of him whose career of glory not one defeat, not one selfish act, has tarnished? (Cheers.) Did not the capacious mind of Wellesley spring from an Irish stock? ("Hear" and cheers.) Was it not Irish genius which shone in the calm and lustrous eye of Canning, which sparkled in the wit of Sheridan, which gave command to the eloquence of Burke, which lent point to the irony of Tierney, and which taught Goldsmith, the writer of nature?—(Cheers.)—which enabled your own Moore—(Renewed cheering)—to breathe forth words of beauty, words of fragrance, as sweet as your own harp, but nervous as the arm by which it was struck? (Cheers.) And to come to your own county, or even to your own city, was it not the genius of Cork which made Curran what he was. (Cheers.) I would ask you, does modern art own a better or a more worthy votary than Daniel Maclise? (Cheers.) Allow me also to pay a passing tribute of admiration to the nameless thousands who have contributed so efficiently to the show which we

have inaugurated this day. Gentlemen, it is not by strife and party contention; it is not by religious or political dissension; it is not by outrage and murder, that the regeneration of Ireland is to be accomplished. (Cheers.) It is because of all this that misfortunes have come upon her—that so many of her sons have had to seek a refuge on other shores—that so many of her harbours are untenanted—that so much of her rich land is uncultivated. Endowed with everything that ought to make her great and prosperous, she has been miserable and poor because she has been disunited. (Hear, hear.) It is by the merging of all party feeling in the one great object, your country's welfare—it is by holding out the hand of friendship to your fellow-countrymen—it is by preserving order and tranquillity among yourselves, that you will see happy faces, full haggards, and empty barracks—(Great cheering)—that you will see your harbours filled, British capital flowing in, and railway enterprise carried through every corner of the country. (Loud cheers.) Would that all Ireland could see what we have seen this day! Would that she could see the peaceful strife, the honest emulation, which Cork has given birth to! Would she would turn from those evil counsellors who fatten upon her disorganisation and distress. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) I have alluded to railway enterprise, because I believe it is one of those things which conduce most to the prosperity of any country; but I believe that no country, from its peculiar circumstances, exists to which it would be a greater blessing than, if it were carried out, it would be to this country. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) And I believe that, if the plan which emanated from the capacious mind of the greatest of God's creatures I ever met, had been carried out, we would have seen Ireland happy. (Loud cheers.) A humble follower of Lord George Bentinck—(Cheers)—I would have voted for that bill; and now, in the position which, by the favour of my Sovereign, I hold, I conceive it is my duty to encourage railway enterprise in this country to the utmost of my power. (Cheers.) I well remember that it was shortly after my arrival in Dublin, I received a deputation headed, I believe, by a gentleman whom I do not see present, but who I know is in the room (Sir E. McDonnell), to represent to me what I humbly conceived to be a matter of great importance—the amount of interest which was charged by the Government upon the loans which they made to railways in Ireland. (Cheers.) I was then young in political life, but still I felt strongly in behalf of the object of the deputation. Yet, strongly as I felt the justice of the cause which was then brought before me, I was obliged to give a commonplace answer; but that did not prevent me from making my representation to those who hold the purse-strings of the country. (Cheers.) And I rejoice to say that these representations were met in the spirit in which they were given; and although, perhaps, this is not the place to introduce such matters, still, as I conceive that I am about to announce a national benefit, and that this is a national assembly, I have great pleasure in stating that the Government have acceded to my request. I am authorised to state that the interest upon Government loans to railways in Ireland will be reduced to four per cent., with the option of converting them into terminable annuities. (Hear, hear.) I can only say, gentlemen, that I entirely concur in a few words which I saw in a recent address of one of my colleagues, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the claims of Ireland for assistance are irresistible. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is not often that the representative of the Sovereign in this country has an opportunity of speaking to those whom he governs—rarely, if ever, to an assembly such as this. But I seize upon it with great eagerness, because there is nothing nearer to my heart than to try and persuade the people of Ireland that I am actuated by the most earnest desire for their welfare. (Cheers.) I believe it unhappily happens that many—some perhaps from mistake, but others, I fear, from malice—would endeavour to persuade you that I am foreign to your tastes, foreign to your interests, that I am not actuated by kindness towards you. Believe rather—because I pledge you my honour that it is the case—that I already feel affection for the warmhearted people among whom I find myself. (Cheers.) I already love this beautiful island which is placed under my charge, which I look upon as a trust which has been committed to me, not only as one for which I must answer to my Sovereign and my country, but one for whose evil or good fulfilment I must hereafter answer to my God. (Renewed cheers.) Believe me that I have accepted the trust determined to act honestly and openly, not to praise this party and cajole that, not to truckle to the one or to flatter the other with fair promises, but to preserve tranquillity, and, while I maintain the liberties of the Irish people, to inculcate order and loyalty to my Sovereign. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, whatever time I spend in this country, be assured, whether it be long, as I sincerely trust it may be, or whether it be short, I can only tell you that I shall carry away with me an Irish heart, and that I shall hereafter feel myself pledged by honour, by feeling, and by duty to attend to Irish interests. (Cheers.) And, amongst the bright hours I have spent in Ireland, I shall not look with the least pleasure to those which the kindness of the citizens of Cork has afforded me. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

The health of the chairman having been proposed by his Excellency, and most warmly responded to; the "Army and Navy," responded to by Major-General Mansel, Admiral Dixon, and the Marquis of Thomond; and the "Members for the City and County of Cork," acknowledged by Mr. Serjeant Murphy, Mr. Roche, and Lord Bernard, having been drunk,

The Mayor gave—"May the light of Ireland's prosperity dawn upon the hour of her darkness."

Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, a candidate for the representation of Ennis, replied; and, having introduced into his observations a number of irrelevant and controversial subjects, altogether unfitted for a festive entertainment, was coughed down by the general good sense of the meeting.

Mr. F. B. Beamish (in the absence of Sir T. Deane) proposed the health of Lady Eglinton—a toast which was received in the most enthusiastic manner, the cheering being continued for several minutes.

His Excellency, on rising to acknowledge the compliment which had been paid his lady, was warmly greeted by the assembly. He said—Gentlemen,—On the part of Lady Eglinton, I beg to return you her most sincere thanks; and I will take leave to say for her, what I most assuredly could not say for myself, that she deserves the honour that you have paid her. (Applause.) I believe I have told you before—I must have told you, because I felt it—that when the unfortunate day comes when I leave this island, I shall go away with an Irish heart—(Cheers)—but Lady Eglinton is so far superior to me, that she came here with an Irish heart—(Applause)—and I am quite sure that the time she has spent here has only increased those warm feelings of affection which she has always entertained for the land of her birth. (Cheers.) I will not inflict a speech upon you, for I see you are impatient—"No, no," and cries of "Not with you!"—but I wish to take this opportunity of alluding to what fell from the High Sheriff of the city. I do not regret the absence of the gentleman to whom he alluded, because it devolved upon him to propose the toast, for I am convinced that no one could have done it greater justice; but I do lament the absence, most grievously lament the absence, of the gentleman to whom the High Sheriff has alluded (Sir Thomas Deane), because, in addition to the regret we must all feel at his loss upon the present occasion, we must also commiserate his feelings, when, after all the attention he has paid and the labour he has given in promoting the Exhibition which we have inaugurated to-day, he has not been allowed to witness its triumphant fruition. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion, I beg to thank you, on the part of Lady Eglinton, for the complimentary manner in which you have received her health. (His Excellency resumed his seat amid loud applause.)

It being now past twelve o'clock, the company almost immediately separated.

#### VISIT TO QUEENSTOWN.

On Friday morning, by half-past eleven o'clock, their Excellencies and suite were in the Exhibition Building, which presented a very different appearance from what it did the previous day—the platforms at the head of the hall were removed, a greater quantity of statuary introduced, the centre occupied with bog oak furniture of most exquisite workmanship, and cases of elegant plate and jewellery—and the greatest progress had been made towards the completion of the arrangement of the goods that could possibly have been expected in so short a time.

Their Excellencies having remained about an hour and a half in the examination of the various objects of manufacture displayed in the Exhibition, at one o'clock the Lord-Lieutenant, the Countess of Eglinton, the Earl of Bandon and family, Lord Bernard, the Hon. Mrs. Bernard, with her sons Percy and Boyle in their Highland costume, and other noble families, accompanied by the Mayor, Lady Hackett, and the Committee of the National Exhibition and their families, went on board the *Prince Arthur* steamer, which was placed at their disposal by the River Steam Company, and proceeded down the river. As they passed along, cheering and firing appeared to be the order of the day. On arriving at Queenstown, they were received with a salute of 21 guns from the Royal Cork Yacht Club battery, and cheers from thousands who crowded the hills. The Admiral put off his barge,

and carried the Viceroy and Countess, the Mayor, and Earl of Bandon on board H.M.S. *Ajax*.—He was received by a guard of honour of Marines, the band playing the National Anthem, and the "blue jackets" on the yards giving three hearty cheers. He was here presented with addresses from the Royal Cork Yacht Club, the inhabitants of Queenstown, and the Consular body of Cork. With the exception of the address of the Consuls, which we subjoin, there was nothing in the addresses worthy of recording:—

#### ADDRESS OF THE CONSULAR BODY.

To his Excellency, the Right Hon. Archibald Hamilton, Earl of Eglinton, Lord Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland:—

May it please your Excellency,—We, the Consuls for the port of Cork and its dependencies, of the Foreign Powers in league and amity with her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, gladly avail ourselves of your Excellency's visit on this auspicious occasion to present our homage and humble duty to your Excellency, as the representative of the mighty Sovereign of these realms—a Sovereign whose wise and benignant policy it has ever been to draw closer by the bonds of peace and mutual benefit the nations of the world; to foster and protect that free intercourse by which the bounties of Providence vouchsafed to distant lands are made common to all, and the happiness of mankind thereby extended.

We gratefully acknowledge the protection afforded by the mild and equal laws of this country, alike to the natives of foreign lands as to her own citizens.

We cordially congratulate your Excellency on the scene which now surrounds you—we hail it as the pledge and dawn of returning prosperity to this island; and, finally, we pray Almighty God that this happy promise may be realised, that your gracious Sovereign and her people may enjoy all his choicest gifts, and that to your Excellency may belong the felicity of witnessing, through many years, the prosperity of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

ALFRED MITCHELL, for the U.S. of America.

C. MARCEL, for France.

N. CUMMINGS, for the Ottoman Porte and Denmark.

H. BARRY, for Belgium.

R. L. JAMESON, for Hanover and Netherlands.

S. KING, for Hanseatic Towns.

JAMES MORGAN, for the Brazils and Central America.

Geo. N. HARVEY, for Austria, Prussia, Sweden, and Norway.

A. DEE SILVA LIMA, for Portugal.

EDWARD BUKE, for Russia.

N. G. YOURDIE, for Greece.

BARTHOLOMEW O'VERLING, for Spain, Chairman.

#### HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.

Gentlemen,—Among the congratulations with which I have been met on my arrival in Cork, there are none which have given me greater satisfaction than those which you have now presented to me.

That the friendly feelings and peaceful relations which now happily subsist between the gracious Sovereign whom I represent, and the foreign powers from whom you are deputed, may long continue, is my anxious desire, and will occupy the constant attention of the Government with whom I am associated, and I trust that the horrors of war may be long averted.

I cordially concur in the hope expressed by you that this gratifying scene may be a prelude to years of prosperity and happiness in this island, and that the bonds of peace may be more closely rivetted by the national interchange of commerce, in which Ireland has proved herself, by this Exhibition, to be so worthy to bear her part.

Having returned on board the *Prince Arthur*, accompanied by the barges of the several Consuls in Cork, his Excellency was conveyed round the guard ship, which compliment was acknowledged by a salute of 21 guns, which was answered by a similar salute from the battery at Spike Island. The *Prince Arthur* then passed close to Queenstown, the crowds assembled along the shore cheering enthusiastically. The steamer then proceeded towards the man-of-war roads, when immediately the Channel fleet in harbour thundered forth a Royal salute. On nearing H.M.S. *Prince Regent*, Rear-Admiral Corry and Capt. Hutton came off in a barge, and shortly after the Viceroyal flag was struck on board the *Prince Arthur*. On his Excellency stepping on the deck of H.M.S. *Prince Regent* the marine guard of honour presented arms, the band played "God save the Queen," and the tars cheered from the yards. After remaining on board for some time, the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess and party returned to the *Prince Arthur* in the barge, and again passed round the fleet, when his Excellency was again greeted with a salute of 21 guns from H.M.S. *Prince Regent*. The *Prince Arthur* then proceeded down the river, and on arriving opposite Rostellan Castle, the tenantry, who were assembled on the ramparts, cheered, and the guns on the battery fired a Royal salute. The steamer then returned, and on passing Queenstown was again received with cheering, and H.M.S. *Ajax* fired a parting salute of 21 guns. On coming to Passage the Lord-Lieutenant and his Lady, the Mayor and Lady Hackett, Earl of Bandon and family returned to Cork in a special train, to which they were invited by the directors of the Cork and Passage Railway. The *Prince Arthur* was accompanied during the excursion by the *Royal Alice*, *Prince*, and other river steamers, all of which were crowded with passengers. His Excellency and the Countess were most prominent during the day, acknowledging the unceasing compliments poured upon them. The day in regard to weather was most auspicious.

#### THE BALL.

The closing festivities connected with the opening of the Exhibition were celebrated on Friday night by a grand ball in the pavilion in which the banquet of the previous evening took place, which, in addition to its other decorations, was now liberally ornamented with flowers, "Welcome Eglinton," with the Irish harp and Imperial crown, extending across the centre of the hall; and a raised dais, with blue and white canopy, under which were placed the chairs of State, having been raised at the southern end, and the orchestra at the north.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, the Earl and Countess of Eglinton entered the hall, and were conducted to the chairs of State, and dancing almost immediately commenced. The ball was crowded, there being upwards of 1200 people present, comprising a large portion of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Cork, Dublin, Bandon, and other places within easy reach of the Building. During the evening a great number of ladies and gentlemen were presented to his Excellency and the Countess, who retired shortly after two o'clock.

An elegant supper was served in the apartment which had served as the reception-room on the previous evening, and dancing was kept up with the greatest spirit until long after daylight.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.

On Saturday morning his Excellency and the Countess again visited the Exhibition at ten o'clock, and remained there until half-past eleven, when they proceeded to view the School of Design; and from thence to the new County Lunatic Asylum, which has just been erected in a most beautiful situation on Shamrock Hill, about a mile from the city, at a cost of £70,000. The building, which is in the old English style of architecture, is arranged to give accommodation to 600 patients; and in the course of a month the patients now in the old institution, numbering 410, will be removed to it. Their Excellencies were received by Drs. White and Nugent, the Government Inspectors of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland, the board of governors, and Dr. Power, the resident physician; and having been conducted over the various apartments, were pleased to express their approval of the whole of the arrangements, the noble Earl giving his assent to its being in future called the Eglinton Asylum.

The Viceroyal party, upon leaving the asylum, proceeded direct to the station of the Great Southern and Western Railway, where a special train was in readiness to convey them on their return to Dublin. The train left Cork at 20 minutes past 1, and arrived at Dublin at a quarter to 6 o'clock, a short stay having been made at the Limerick Junction station, where his Excellency and the Countess partook of luncheon.

In conclusion, we have only to return our thanks to the officials of the Exhibition and of the different railway companies, for the courtesy and attention paid not only to ourselves but to all the visitors to the Exhibition, and to express a hope, that this, the first effort for many a year of Irishmen to pull together for the benefit of their common country, may be crowned with the success it so eminently deserves.

SEEDS FOR CALIFORNIA.—We observed, ready for shipment, at the seed warehouses of Messrs. P. Lawson and Son, seedsmen and nurserymen to the Highland and Agricultural Society, a few days ago, a rather extensive assortment of all kinds of seeds in ordinary cultivation, including wheat, oats, barley, and all the cereal grasses, mangold-wurzel, potatoes, carrots, &c., filling seventy-six huge puncheons, which, we believe, it would take seven railway trucks to convey, the aggregate value being £2000. These agricultural seeds are ordered by a firm in San Francisco.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

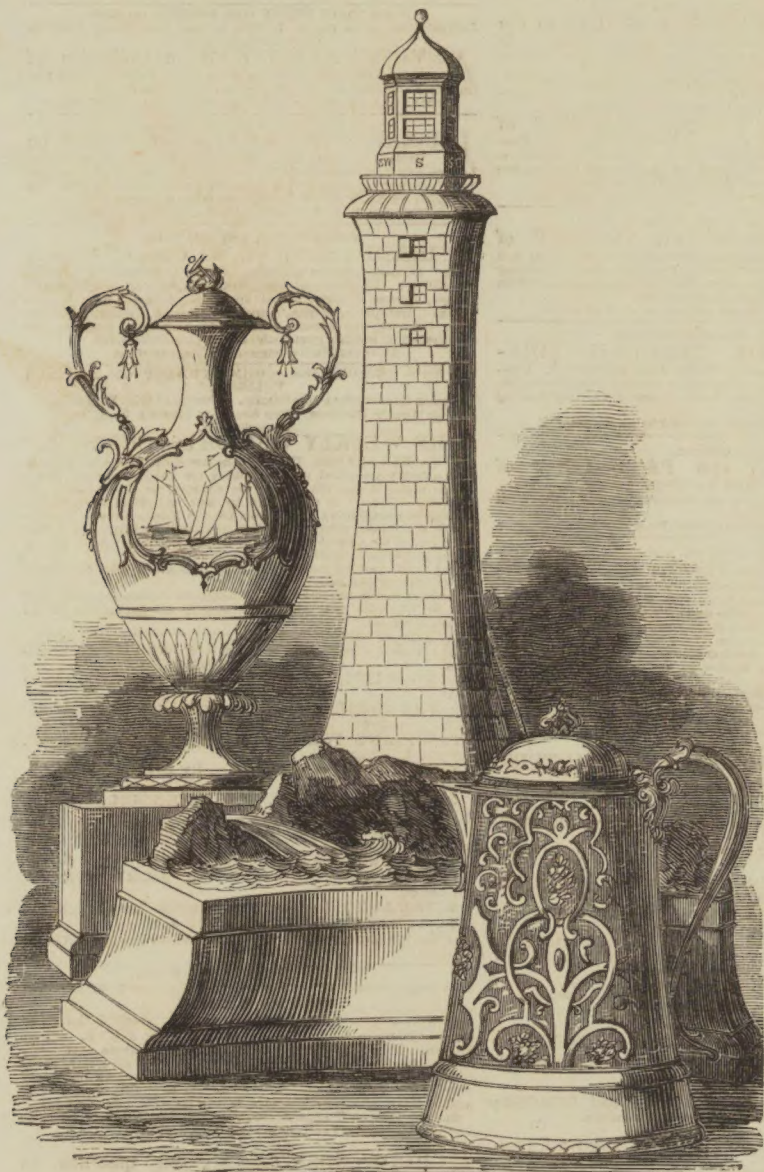
LARGE ROSE-TREE.—The extraordinary rose-tree at Buxton's nursery-garden, in the Wandsworth-road, engraved in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for vol. xvi., p. 464, is now in full bloom: it is 13 feet high, 40 feet in circumference, and bears about 3000 flowers.

MURRAY'S "GUIDE TO THE GOLD-DIGGINGS."—This little book contains an authentic account of the "diggings," with letters from the miners, and many valuable practical directions as to choosing a ship or obtaining a free or assisted passage, with hints on outfit, the whole of which will be found very useful to intending emigrants.



ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THREE divisions or classes of yachts of this Club contended on Saturday last for a corresponding number of valuable prizes. The *Ruby* steamer had, as usual, been chartered by the Club. She proceeded to Erith with 300 ladies and gentlemen on board, where *Waterman* 2 and 11, the *Sylph* steamer, Lord Londesborough's schooner-yacht *Derwent*, with a distinguished party on board, the Marquis of Anglesea's *Pearl*, the *Paragon*, and a number of other gentlemen's yachts, were in readiness to accompany the race.



THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB PRIZES.

The prizes consisted of three handsome pieces of plate. The first, value £100, was a correct model from the original drawing of Eddystone Lighthouse, richly chased in frosted silver, upon an ebony plinth; height, 26 inches. The second, value £50, was a richly-chased Etruscan-formed silver vase, with richly-chased yachting devices. And the third, value £30, was an elaborately-chased silver tankard of Elizabethan pattern. The whole were from the firm of Hunt and Roskell, and were much admired.

The following were the contending craft:—

FIRST CLASS.—Exceeding 30 tons.—Prize of the value of £100.			
Name.	Tons.	Owner's Name.	Distin. Flag.
Pauline .....	35	C. Brandreth, Esq.	White, blue cross.
Musquito .....	50	Lord Londesborough.	Blue pierced white, red Maltese cross
Volante .....	48	John L. Craigie, Esq.	White.
Cygnat .....	35	H. Lambton, Esq.	Blue ground, ram's head yellow.
SECOND CLASS.—15 tons and not exceeding 30.—Prize of the value of £50.			
Secret .....	25	R. Bell, jun. Esq.	Blue with diagonal red cross.
Whisper .....	19	Thomas Evelyn, Esq.	Blue, white, red.
Prima Donna .....	25	G. Coope, Esq.	White burgee, yellow griffin's head.
Phantom .....	20	S. Lane, Esq.	White, red border.
THIRD CLASS.—10 tons and not exceeding 15.—Prize of the value of £30.			
Vampire .....	15	C. Wheeler, jun., Esq.	White, red border, bat in centre.
Vesper .....	1	P. Roberts, Esq.	Red.
Kitten .....	10	T. Harvey, Esq.	White, blue cross.
Mouse .....	15	G. E. Brown, Esq.	White ground, mouse in centre.

Half-minute time per ton for difference of tonnage.

The distance contested by the first two classes was from Erith round the Nore Light and back; but the distance was shortened for the third class, in order to save as much time as possible.

The signal was given by direction of Lord Alfred Paget, the Commodore, for the start, at 11 hours 57 minutes 12 seconds, when a cloud of canvass from the three rows of craft, so positioned as to afford a wide berth, instantly burst upon the view. It was a very excellent start, and formed as pretty a picture as could well be imagined. With a flowing sheet they spanked down Long Reach, and neared Gravesend in the following order:—

First Class.—*Volante* beating by about 200 yards; next the *Musquito* and the *Cygnat*, and *Pauline*, with two of the smaller craft cracking on between them.

In the second class the *Phantom* and *Secret* were almost abreast of each other, and in the third the *Mouse* was giving way to the *Vampire*, the whole, however, being very close together. Off the Chapman Head Beacon a signal was fired for the third class to round a boat there, while the Commodore's steamer proceeded down to the Nore Light, which was rounded in the following time and order:—

FIRST CLASS.			
		h. m. s.	
Volante ..	..	..	3 0 45
Musquito ..	..	..	3 4 5
Cygnat ..	..	..	3 10 6
Phantom ..	..	..	3 10 40
SECOND CLASS.			
Secret ..	..	..	3 12 7
Phantom ..	..	..	3 12 35
Prima Donna ..	..	..	3 16 28
Whisper ..	..	..	3 19 56

They here had to turn to windward against the tide; but, as the wind veered a little, they were enabled to lay up some of the reaches. They ultimately came in in the following order:—

FIRST CLASS.			
		h. m. s.	
Volante (the winner) ..	..	..	7 40 35
Cygnat ..	..	..	7 51 5
Musquito ..	..	..	8 0 0
SECOND CLASS.			
Phantom (the winner) ..	..	..	8 21 20
Secret ..	..	..	8 19 20
THIRD CLASS.			
Vampire (the winner) ..	..	..	6 42 30
Vesper ..	..	..	7 1 2
Kitten ..	..	..	7 12 25

The plate was then presented, with the usual appropriate observations, and the *Ruby* returned to Blackwall and London at a late hour at night.

We annex illustrations of the Prizes.

100-GUINEA PRIZE.—The Eddystone Lighthouse, modelled from the drawings of the engineer, Mr. Smeaton. On the base is inscribed the name of the race, the club, and the winner.

50-GUINEA PRIZE.—A Vase of Etruscan form: on the body are panels containing a representation of yachting; and on the cover are the anchor and other shipping implements, grouped to form the button.

30-GUINEA PRIZE.—A richly-chased Elizabethan pattern silver Inkstand, with cover, gilt inside.

The three prizes are from the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and are executed in their best manner.

At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, held on Monday evening, in Dublin, Dr. Todd exhibited some ships' papers, bearing the signature of James II., and of the celebrated Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty at that time.

CHESS SOIREE AT MANCHESTER.

AN intimation that Mr. Staunton was paying a passing visit to Manchester on his way to the North, where he was proceeding for a few weeks to recruit his health, gave occasion for a great muster of the Chess amateurs of the neighbourhood. Although the assemblage was quite impromptu, no less than sixty gentlemen were present to testify their regard and respect for the services Mr. Staunton had rendered to the cause of Chess. The meeting took place in the large saloon of the Albion Hotel; and, in addition to the chief members of the

Chess Club, was attended by Mr. Löwenthal, the celebrated Hungarian player; Major Robertson, of the 82d; Mr. Cronhelm, of Halifax; Mr. Myers of Preston; Mr. Chuley, of Ashton; the Rev. J. Rofe, of Stockport; the Rev. G. Perkins, Mr. Schwabe, Mr. J. Reiss, Mr. Royle, &c. Play commenced about half-past four, and from fifteen to twenty Chess-boards were in constant requisition until ten o'clock, when the party sat down to supper.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Duval, the president of the Chess Club; and the vice-chair by Mr. Schuyler.

After the customary loyal toasts had been drunk with all due honours,

The chairman rose, and requesting bumpers all round, observed that it was his pleasing duty to propose the toast of the evening—the health of a gentleman who, by his long and unequalled services in the cause of their favourite recreation, both as a player and a writer, had done more for Chess than any man who ever lived—(Immense applause)—a gentleman whom it was impossible to speak or think of as a stranger; for who that knew anything of Chess throughout the world could be ignorant of the name of Staunton? (Great cheers.) It was one of our "household words." It was learnt over the board with the first moves, and it was the recognised authority in every disputed and every difficult position, from the beginning to the end of the game. There was not an amateur then present who was not acquainted with Staunton's games, Staunton's books, Staunton's notes; and they had now the great and unexpected gratification of meeting Staunton's self. (Tumultuous cheering.) He could not pass over the present occasion without an allusion to the late Chess Tournament, for which, like every other important movement in the cause of Chess, they were mainly indebted to the energy and enterprise of their distinguished guest. An ungenerous endeavour had been made by a small section of the Chess community to detract from Mr. Staunton's deservedly high repute as a player, because, in the chance-medley of that arena, he sustained a trivial reverse; but he believed he was speaking the sense of that meeting, and the sense of nine out of ten unprejudiced amateurs in Europe, in saying that, notwithstanding that casual and temporary reverse, Mr. Staunton was still, as he had long been, the first player of the world. (Great cheering.) He doubted if there was any player who did not really believe, as he did, that in any decisive number of games the laurel wreath would still be the meed of the English champion. As, on the field of actual war, the greatest of all the immortal warriors, Wellington himself, the hero of a hundred fights—(Enthusiastic cheering)—did not invariably achieve a victory; so, in the mimic field of Chess, where the strife was essentially between mind and mind, our champion had upon one occasion—and only one—sustained a check. But was that temporary failure to be placed for a single instant in comparison with the long series of brilliant victories against St. Amant, Cochrane, and a host of adversaries in which the genius of Staunton proved the mastery? (Immense applause.) Mr. Duval concluded a long and eloquent speech by giving the health of Mr. Staunton, the Chess Champion, which was drunk with musical honours and amid loud cheering.

On rising to return thanks, Mr. Staunton was received with the liveliest demonstrations of enthusiasm. He acknowledged, in an elegant and appropriate address, the too flattering compliment of which he had that day been the gratified recipient. He assured the assembled amateurs that he felt a more than ordinary pleasure at finding that Manchester, which stood forth the very queen of enterprise and industry, was in no respect behind her neighbours in appreciating and encouraging what was intellectual and refined: and, from what he had seen of the skill and spirit of the Chess Club there, he had no hesitation in predicting that ere long it would take the lead amongst the Chess Clubs of the province. After some excellent allusionary remarks to the younger members on the danger of permitting Chess to engross their time and attention, to the neglect of the more important avocations of life, he concluded by a few striking remarks on the subject of the late Tournament, which had been projected and carried out by the committee in perfect singleness of spirit, with the sole object of promoting the extension of the game. For himself he might with truth say, that, regarding Chess as an amusement only, and not considering it the "be all and end all" of existence, he had long before that event obtained quite as much renown, both as a Chess-player and Chess writer, as he coveted; and in incurring the expense and trouble which he had done to carry out that undertaking, he was influenced by no feelings of personal vanity or advantage (Loud cheers)—for what he had to gain by it beyond what he possessed?—but solely with the view of turning so favourable and unique an opportunity as the Great Exhibition presented to the account of their favourite pastime. (Great applause.) From the first projection of the Tournament he had grave doubts, owing to the state of his health, of being able to take any part in the encounters, and as the time drew near for the assemblage, exhausted as he was by the incessant labour of carrying out the arrangements, and suffering from a dangerous illness, it was his anxious desire to be spared the task of playing; this was well known to his coadjutors on the committee, and it was only in compliance with their earnest wishes that he entered his name as a competitor at all. That, under the circumstances he was placed in, he lost a few games, ought to have surprised nobody; the wonder to himself was, that he succeeded in winning any. (Cheers.) He was now endeavouring to recruit his health by travel; and he could promise that, if he attained what he sought, he should be ready to enter the arena, not for an indecisive contest of four or five games, like that of the tourney, but for a testing match of twenty or thirty games with any player in the world.

The Vice-Chairman, in proposing the health of Mr. Löwenthal, observed that nothing was so well calculated to ensure that permanent success which Mr. Staunton has so kindly wished and predicted for their Club, as the residence among them of some distinguished player; and it was therefore with real pleasure and satisfaction that he learned there was every prospect of Mr. Löwenthal making Manchester his abiding-place. (Great cheering.) Mr. Löwenthal had already done much for Chess in Manchester; and by the urbanity of his manners, not less than by his great skill at the game, had created a want which nothing but his continued presence among them could supply.

The toast was received with great applause, and drunk with musical honours. Mr. Löwenthal responded in neat and appropriate terms, drawing a beautiful analogy between the game of Chess and the game of actual life, and comparing, with great felicity, the circumscribed powers of the King in Chess and in a limited monarchy like that of England. He would not allow the present or any opportunity of meeting a number of his Chess brethren to pass without offering the tribute of his thanks to Mr. Staunton, not alone for his generous exertions to serve him as an individual, but for his indefatigable services in the cause of Chess-players generally. Long before he had ever hoped to visit this great country, long before he had ever thought of enjoying the advantage of Mr. Staunton's personal acquaintance, he played over his games with an interest and delight which he could never express; and he was convinced, then as now, that, in a match of a satisfactory length, no player living could contend successfully against him. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then proposed the health of Major Robertson, who had been unanimously elected an honorary member of their club, and whom they all knew as a player of great excellence.

Major Robertson replied with military frankness and brevity, thanking them for the honour conferred in electing him a member of their club, and for their kindness in drinking his health; and he could assure them that, while stationed in their neighbourhood, he should gladly meet them whenever duty permitted.

The Vice-Chairman proposed the health of the strangers, and many thanks to them for their kind attendance on so short a notice, coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Cronhelm, of Halifax.

Mr. Cronhelm, in returning thanks, congratulated the Manchester Club on the brilliant success of their *soirée*, and regretted only that the notices of the meeting could not be sent out earlier, as it would have been certain to attract a large attendance of Chess-players from Yorkshire. He trusted, new that Chess was taken up with such spirit in Lancashire, that the members of the Manchester, the Liverpool, the Preston, and other clubs would give the support of their delegates to the Yorkshire Chess Association, which would hold its meeting in Hull during the autumn of the present year; and he doubted not the clubs of Yorkshire would reciprocate the compliment with interest on all future occasions. After a number of other toasts and some admirable speeches, the party separated, all apparently well pleased with the first Chess *soirée* of the Manchester Club.

CHESS SOIREE OF THE HALIFAX ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.—On Wednesday week the members of this club and their friends had the gratification of meeting Mr. Staunton at Crow Wood, where that eminent chess-player and author had been staying a few days, during his visit to Mr. Cronhelm, the President. A consulting committee, consisting of Mr. S. G. Thomas, Mr. W. Common, and Mr. E. Cronhelm, played two even games with Mr. Staunton, who afterwards gave the odds of the pawn and two moves to Mr. Edward Cronhelm,

in a third game. In each of these combats a brilliant victory was achieved by Mr. Staunton, who gratified the company with some of the masterly combinations and evolutions for which his style of play has so long been celebrated. In proposing the health of his distinguished guest and friend at the supper table, Mr. Cronhelm adverted to the injustice of the attempt in some quarters to depreciate Mr. Staunton in consequence of his failure in the short match with Mr. Andersen at the recent Chess Tournament. He reminded the company how signally a similar result in the first short match with M. St. Amant had been reversed in the second and longer match, which gave sufficient scope for the development of the superior genius of the champion of England; and expressed his conviction that any future match of sufficient length for a fair trial of skill would compel the Prussian to restore to the English wreath that single leaf of laurel which he had the honour of carrying away. Mr. Staunton courteously acknowledged the compliment, and in an eloquent address proposed the health of the President, and prosperity to the Halifax St. George's Chess Club. Previous to the termination of the meeting, the secretary announced that the next anniversary of the Yorkshire Chess Association would be held in Hull in the month of October. This information was the more gratifying, from the circumstance that some doubts had been entertained as to the future meetings of that society.

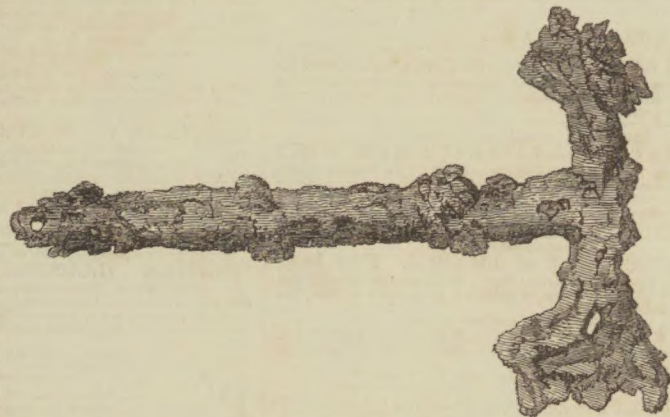
OLD ANCHOR FOUND ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Rutland, Burton Port, Co. Donegal.

AS a fact in history it is known to many that several of the vessels constituting the Spanish Armada were lost on the north-west coast of Ireland in 1553, while returning home from their unsuccessful attempt at invasion.

On this part of the coast of Donegal, where I am at present stationed,



OLD ANCHOR, FOUND ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

viz. immediately inside the north island of Arran, a tradition exists among the people of two Spanish ships having been wrecked here a great number of years ago. Though often having heard stories to this effect, I was disposed to give little heed to them, till a report reached me some months since of the appearance about the sand of part of the hull of a vessel, together with a number of cannon, which, it was affirmed, had been seen about fifty years before. At that time several of the guns were raised by the inhabitants and disposed of as old brass, till they were obstructed in their attempts by the sand washing over the wreck, and thus rendering any further endeavour hopeless. Upon hearing the rumour, I went to the spot mentioned, with the Coast Guard boat and crew, for the purpose of satisfying myself as to its truth; when, to my astonishment, I could distinctly perceive the remains of a very large vessel, with several cannon lying in a heap on what appeared to have been the fore-castle. I made different attempts to get them up, and had almost succeeded, when either the ropes slipped off the gun they were attached to, or the sea became so rough that I was obliged to abandon them, and in the course of a few weeks they were again completely covered by the sand.

On a different part of the coast, but within two or three miles of the above-mentioned wreck, lies another, which there is every reason to believe was the second of those ill-fated vessels, from the fact of there being positive proof that a shipwreck has not occurred in that place during the last century, as vouched for by a very old inhabitant residing close to the spot; as well as from the appearance of an anchor belonging to the ship (a Sketch of which I send you), which I succeeded in raising. It is perfectly eaten into by the water in the spots which are not immediately covered by an incrustation of sand, gravel, and stone: there is a striking peculiarity in the great length of its shank.

Notwithstanding that no cannon have appeared above the sand in the vicinity of this last-mentioned wreck, the very sight of which would at once have pronounced it the companion of the other, still, from the appearance of the anchor, the certainty of a vessel not having been lost there for the last hundred years at least, and also from the popular tradition, which proved true in the one instance, and consequently is deserving of belief in the other, there is scarcely room for scepticism as to its identity.

Such discoveries as these, which are so interwoven with the naval glories of England, surely ought not to be passed over in silence, nor allowed to sink unnoticed into oblivion; it is but right, at least, that the public should be made acquainted with their existence, and then be allowed to place what importance they choose upon them.

RICHARD HEARD,

June 12th, 1852.

Inspecting General Officer, Coast Guard.

PATENT SELF-ACTING SAFETY-PLUG.—A model of this ingenious invention was exhibited at the Earl of Rosse's *conversazione*, on Saturday evening last, and excited much interest. The self-acting safety-plug for ships' boats, river barges, lighters, &c., invented by Mr. Lisabe, consists of a hollow brass box, with perforations at the top and bottom, let into one of the lower planks of a boat or barge. In the interior is a loose ball, with sufficient room for play, so that when the boat is immersed the pressure of the external water urges and retains the ball lightly against an india-rubber seating at the top, thereby effectually closing the upper perforations against the admission of water; while, on the boat being suspended, the ball, by its own gravity, rests upon the bottom of the chamber, and allows any rain or other water which may accumulate in the boat while in suspension to drain out through the upper perforations. Provision is also made for the retention of water in boats when in the davits, as often such is rendered necessary, by the addition of a "turn-table" at the top, which, being turned round, closes the upper perforations, and retains the water in the boat. The object of this simple but important invention is to guard against the frequent casualties which occur when, in cases of shipwreck, or vessels striking on rocks, the ships' boats are suddenly lowered into the water to afford means of escape to the passengers and crew; but in too many instances the boats become immediately filled, and swamp, owing to the neglect or forgetfulness of stopping the plug-holes which all boats have in their bottoms for their drainage, while suspended along the ship's side. The patent accomplishes this important result with unerring certainty, and by its self-acting principle requires no attention; and, while it answers the object of drainage of the old method of plug-holes while in suspension, the act of immersion instantaneously closes the orifice by the pressure of the external water against the ball. The frightful sacrifice of life which took place in the loss of the *Superb* steamer on the coast of Jersey last September, by the swamping of the boats from the plug-holes not having been stopped, must be fresh in the minds of our readers; and it was on perusing the account of this melancholy catastrophe, that Mr. Lisabe, a gentleman long engaged in yachting amusements on the western coast, sat down, and, before he retired to rest, designed this useful invention. It has since been registered by Lieutenant Robinson, of the R.N., well known for many marine inventions, and has been patented by Mr. Gray for the india-rubber seating for the ball. The patent plug is also of material benefit in its application to river barges and lighters, saving all the manual labour of pumping them out, as it allows all rain and leakage water to drain off when the barges and lighters are left on the banks by the ebb of the tide. At the *conversazione*, also, was shown, and examined with much interest, Mr. Landell's safety-boat, engraved in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for January 24.

NEW ELECTRIC PHENOMENON.—(To the Editor.)—I very recently witnessed, at Mr. E. Dorguin's, manufacturer of chocolate and *cho'ca* (a new aliment, composed of coffee and chocolate), a most curious fact. In taking out the *cho'ca* paste from the tin moulds, cold and hard, it manifested an electric appearance, from which sparks were visible. Until now I could not account for this phenomenon, unless it is admitted that the *cho'ca* contains idio-electric properties, the same as in resins or vitreous substances; but in this case there had been no friction to develop the electricity, and the moulds in which the paste had been standing for 24 hours communicated with the earth, which might facilitate the reconstitution. The *cho'ca* tablet has such a powerful attraction that it holds the tin-foil which serves to envelope it suspended for more than ten minutes. The tin-foil is 90 square inches in surface. I have just constructed a *cho'ca* electrophore, and after a friction I obtain about twenty electric sparks successively.—I remain &c., LE MOLIN, —5, Bentinck-street.



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